

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 1,518, Vol. 58.

November 29, 1884.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

REDISTRIBUTION.

**T**HE promised production of a Seats Bill on Monday makes the squabbles which still continue in some quarters about the matters which have led to that production of very small account. Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may, if they please, persuade themselves and such inhabitants of Leeds and Llanwddyn as are willing to be persuaded, that the Government has made no concession in the matter. We can only suppose that, while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's body is taking part in the Cabinet Councils, the results of which are taken into the next room for Lord SALISBURY to *viser*, his soul is remote and afar singing "No Surrender" in chorus with Mr. ROGERS and other mild-mannered men. Citizen LAWSON and Citizen LABOUCHERE may utterly suppress and totally abolish the House of Lords at their leisure and to their hearts' content. But meanwhile practical men are engaged upon practical business. In default of one of the accidents which it is difficult to think wholly accidental, the joint scheme is not likely to be known much before its formal promulgation. But there are certain general principles upon which it is sufficiently clear that it ought to proceed, and a distinct recognition of them cannot but be useful to members of Parliament in the discussion of the measure which must precede its own second reading and the passing into law of the Franchise Bill.

The preposterous demand of the Welsh members for the continuance of the present over-representation of Wales (to the extent, roughly speaking, of about twenty per cent.) is only a grotesque instance on a rather large scale of the general difficulties which beset every scheme of redistribution. It is chiefly worth noticing because of the simplicity with which Mr. GLADSTONE's petitioners put forth their claim to more than their fair share of seats, urging no other reason than that these unfairly-held seats are held by Liberals. Unluckily for them, the claimant for these very seats can urge the same illicit, but powerful, argument. England, in the narrow sense, has almost exactly her proper number of members by numerical proportion; if anything, she is a seat or two short. Ireland and Wales possess between them the overplus which Scotland, not without plausibility, demands to make up her present scant allowance. Between the Liberalism of Scotland clamouring to have enough and the Liberalism of Wales clamouring to have more than enough, Mr. GLADSTONE must be in sore straits; and it remains to be seen how he will satisfy his CHARLOTTE and his MATHURINE respectively. At present it can only be said that the transference of seats from Ireland and Wales to Scotland, which numerical exactness demands, corresponds with rather unusual nicety to the requirements of expediency and of justice. Whatever may be thought of the general political tendencies of the Scotch, their claims on the score of loyalty, civilization, and intelligence give them the advantage over Ireland; while in point of sectarian and local bigotry, though they may be open to some reproach, they are liberal and cosmopolitan compared with the constituents of Mr. RICHARD. But this adjudication between "the four countries," as it is fondly put in the Welsh statement of claim, is the least part of the matter. It affects but some dozen seats, and as it is merely a question to which of the outlying and less important parts of the kingdom these seats shall be assigned, the only thing to desire in connexion with it is that Mr. GLADSTONE'S

half-hinted intention to satisfy Scotland by under representing England may not be carried out, and that the obvious plan of simply transferring to Scotland the surplus Irish and Welsh seats may be adopted.

The point of real importance is, of course, the principle, or set of principles, on which seats are to be taken away from and given to individual constituencies. The experience of minority constituencies has not been unfavourable to them, except in the mind of Mr. BRIGHT. But Mr. BRIGHT also thinks it horrible that a Roman Catholic priest should be returned at the head of the poll for a School Board; and those who are unable to see why, if a Roman Catholic priest is eligible for return at all, he should not be returned in any position, naturally cannot be expected to follow Mr. BRIGHT in his mysterious likes and dislikes. Three-cornered constituencies, proportional representation, single-member constituencies, the cumulative vote, and all other "dodges" will, however, it may be suspected, exercise a very small effect in the long run upon the composition of the new House of Commons, even if they are adopted. The real point at which men of moderate political views should aim is the retention of as much diversity as possible in the character of the different constituencies themselves. One of the means by which this diversity has been secured in the past—the establishment of rural boroughs like East Retford, Cricklade, and Aylesbury—has become inapplicable by reason of the proposed extension of the county franchise, though, if certain statesmen had preferred country to party, it might, properly employed, have taken with great advantage the place of both the Bills now lying, or shortly to lie, before Parliament. As to the small boroughs, it was pointed out immediately after the general election that, apart from the question of disturbing Constitutional arrangements, neither political party has, or for some time has had, much reason to love them. Their corruption in many cases, their fickleness in almost all, decided the three last general elections, in the latest instance with the extremely unsatisfactory result which Lord SALISBURY, to the great vexation of Radicals, has so often pointed out. But these small boroughs, ostensibly (though very ungratefully) hated by Liberals, and, if loved by Tories at all, certainly not loved for any good deeds of theirs, supply a valuable possibility of varying the constitution of a Parliament which will be sorely in need of variation, by dint of grouping. Mr. A. C. SELLAR, who has been the chief defender of groups in the newspaper correspondence on the subject, by no means made the best of his case, which is exceedingly strong, both by reason and from experience. On the whole, it is undeniable that the grouped Scotch burghs have distinguished themselves, both in the selection of their members, and, which is still more important, by fidelity to them when selected. If the case has not been quite the same in Wales, the unfortunate influences which, on the whole, make the members for the Principality the least distinguished group for ability and standing to be found in the House of Commons must be charged with the fault. Putting experience aside and going to the nature of the case, the advantages of groups are unquestionable. In the first place, they are almost uncaucusable, and their local cliques and wire-pullers balance each other in a more or less healthy fashion. This at once gives a member much greater security of tenure—in itself a good thing—and, as a consequence, makes him far more independent than in almost any other case. Nor is it to be forgotten that between the

vast mass of shortly to be enfranchised labourers in the counties and the vast mass of already enfranchised workmen in the great towns, the smaller towns afford almost the only possibility for the middle and upper classes to get themselves represented. We do not say to get themselves elected—that is a very different matter—but to get themselves represented. Yet, again, the deadening of healthy political feeling which takes place in all very large constituencies, and which makes them an easy prey to mere political organization, can be to some extent counteracted by constituencies of this kind. For though in the aggregate they might be little less populous than the singly-represented towns, they would each possess an individual interest and property in their Parliamentary representative. Without, therefore, undervaluing the importance of other aspects of the Bill, it may be well to direct particular attention to this matter of grouping, and to urge that the principle be carried out as far as possible, if not in the first scheme of the Bill, then in Committee. There is even much to be said in favour of admitting to the groups not merely towns now returning members, but towns which have been disfranchised in the past, and towns which, at present unrepresented, would have, under the present scale of population, been entitled to consideration for separate seats. Such a scheme would, for obvious reasons, enlist a large amount of support from both sides, and some of the independent members who are now clamouring for vague and almost unintelligible nostrums would do well to club their forces instead to support, or, if the joint proposal does not contain them, to insert, provisions for extensive grouping. These provisions would, more than any other, combine the prospect of practical acceptance with the prospect of introducing a wholesome diversity in that plan of general *nivellement* which most Radicals and some unwise Conservatives seem to desire.

#### BECHUANALAND.

THE expedition to Bechuanaland has not been prepared too soon, and the rumoured arrangement between the Cape Government and the invaders will certainly not do away with the necessity of superintending its execution with an imposing force. The report that a Commissioner of the Transvaal Government, Mr. DUTOIT, has hoisted the flag of the Republic in the lands which had been forcibly taken from MONTSIOA has been denied; but the Pretoria Government is as ready as the Russians in their Asiatic policy to profit by the encroachment of agents who may, if necessary, be disavowed. The pretext for the deliberate insult said to have been offered to the English Government was the announcement that the freebooters are to be removed either by fair means or by force. The Government of Pretoria, when it first recognized the title of the intruders, still kept up the formal pretence of reconciling the annexation with the provisions of the London Convention. It had been agreed that the Boers should not encroach on the territory in question, except with the consent of the Imperial Government; and it was consequently declared that the occupation was only provisional until it had received the necessary sanction. It is extremely improbable that any of the parties to the transaction can have really thought it possible that even so pacific a Minister as Lord DERBY would acquiesce in a deliberate violation of the main article of the Convention. The English Government had conceded nearly all the demands of the Transvaal delegates; but the claim to a westward extension of that part of the frontier was steadily rejected. It happened that the district which belonged to MONTSIOA included a part of the trade route from the Cape to the interior, so that the duty of protecting a dependent ally coincided with the necessity or expediency of preventing the erection of a barrier against commercial intercourse. Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues perhaps deserve a certain credit for preferring a transparent fiction to an avowed breach of a deliberate engagement. When a coach and six is drawn through an Act of Parliament or a treaty, the operation consists in discovering some byway which may provide a means of evasion. Mere violence is but an inartificial instrument of wrong.

To a certain extent the later conduct of the Transvaal Government has been consistent with its original professions. In answer to the formal intimation that the aggression on MONTSIOA would not be tolerated, the PRESIDENT and his colleagues declared that they would withdraw their pretensions and comply with the terms of the Convention. It follows that by their own admission the disputed lands

belong to the English Government or to the chiefs under its protection. If it is thought desirable to maintain for a time a garrison to repel the aggressions of lawless adventurers, the internal arrangements of a territory wholly independent of the Transvaal can in no degree concern the Republic. Whatever may be the actual relations between the wrongful occupiers of the lands and their kinsfolk beyond the border, the Government of Pretoria disclaims all responsibility for their actions. The Boers may, if they think fit, give sufficient security for the maintenance of peace on the frontier; and if they are unable or unwilling to comply with a reasonable condition, they have no ground of complaint if the duty is taken out of their hands. The Transvaal Government, even if it shrinks from sanctioning the audacious challenge offered by the freebooters, will probably complain of the display of force which it has wantonly provoked; yet it is impossible that the Boers can apprehend any danger from the intervention of an English force as long as they remain peaceably on their own side of the border. Even the freebooting settlers on MONTSIOA's lands will be safe if they retire from their wrongful acquisition before the arrival of the English troops.

The South African colonists are so far from entering into the federal relations which are desired by amiable projectors that the distribution of powers and responsibilities which they propose is directly opposed to the wishes of Englishmen of all parties. It would be desirable to transfer to the Colonies the control of all intercourse with neighbouring communities, as they have already acquired the exclusive management of their own internal affairs. Their aspirations take the opposite direction. The Cape Government is able and willing to deal with the natives within the Colony, and it is fair to admit that it has on the whole discharged a difficult function with success. The failure to restore in Basutoland the peace which had been disturbed by the mistaken policy of the Ministry which then governed the Cape has resulted in a transfer of the dominion or protectorate to the Imperial Government. The small European population of Natal necessarily relies on the Home Government for protection against any danger which may be threatened by the natives either from within the Colony or in Zululand. As far as a judgment can be formed, the native chiefs in all parts of South Africa are anxious to secure Imperial protection, or in some instances direct sovereignty; the objection to complying with their wishes is that the government of natives is costly, and not directly remunerative. It is indeed almost always more convenient to manage them as subjects than to negotiate with them as independent neighbours. The Reserve, for instance, though it is but newly established, will, as soon as present troubles are disposed of, contrast by the enjoyment of peace and of progressive civilization with the turbulent region beyond; but the benefit of English dominion is mainly enjoyed by the Colonies, while the trouble and risk devolve on the Imperial authorities and the countries which they represent.

The composition of Sir CHARLES WARREN's force is to some extent left to his own discretion. The instructions under which he acts have been published, though perhaps he may also have received more secret communications. He is generally placed under the superior authority of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who is for this purpose regarded as High Commissioner, and not as Governor of the Cape. During a protracted term of office and in difficult circumstances the High Commissioner has fully deserved the confidence of the Government, and he has the advantage of an intimate knowledge of all the communities with which it may be necessary to deal. In the conduct of military operations Sir CHARLES WARREN will act on his own judgment, and he will also, in certain contingencies, exercise his own political judgment. It is possible that the use of actual force may not be required; but the knowledge that it is held in reserve is not unlikely to facilitate diplomatic communications with the Government of Pretoria. Their conduct during the last four years has indicated a just confidence of assured impunity for any affront which they might offer. The resistance which they have lately encountered, or which they had reason to apprehend, has perceptibly modified the tone, if not the substance, of their policy. If the report of Mr. JOUBERT's conduct is well founded, one former member of the Government who was also a delegate to London has been condemned as untenable the official favour which has been accorded to piratical enterprises. It may perhaps hereafter appear that the freebooters have been disavowed by



his superiors, in consequence of the despatch of Sir CHARLES WARREN's expedition.

The difficulties which Sir G. CAMPBELL lately suggested as reasons for abandoning the expedition to Bechuanaland have, of course, been taken into consideration by the Government and its military advisers. They consist principally in the long distance between Cape Town and the frontier of the Transvaal. If the Colonial Government is anxious for the success of the undertaking, the advance will be through a friendly country, and there will consequently be no need to guard the communications of the army. The contingencies of the enterprise have without doubt not escaped the notice of the commanding officer or of the authorities at home. The force will consist partly of volunteers levied for the special service; but it will, in technical language, be "stiffened" by a number of regular troops. Civilians are not competent judges of the obstacles to be overcome, or of the probabilities of success, but any intelligent observer will be satisfied that the enterprise is morally justifiable. A limit must be placed to the enlargement of the Transvaal territories by the process of shedding off, like some creatures of a low organic type, clusters of little Republics on its outskirts, and then absorbing them into the central community. If the Bechuana expedition effects its object, it is possible that the present or a future Government may reconsider the absolute repudiation of responsibility for the anarchy of Zululand. The Boers pursue the same system of lawless aggrandizement to the east and to the west; and if they can be checked on one side, they may perhaps provoke resistance on the other. A population of forty or fifty thousand occupying a territory more than twice as large as Great Britain cannot be in urgent need of expansion by violent means. According to a recent rumour, some of the adventurers who have appropriated to themselves farms in Zululand are beginning to repent of their undertaking. There must be drawbacks to the enjoyment of lands far from markets and from civilization, and surrounded by justly hostile neighbours.

#### TOWN AND COUNTRY ROWDIES.

THE riot at the Promenade Concert on Monday night was so disgraceful and so inexcusable that words need not be wasted in condemning it. To describe what the rioters did is quite enough. They began by pushing about in front of the orchestra. They then climbed on to the platform, and one of them took a seat in the conductor's chair, though the performance which he conducted was by no means musical. There was hooting, and yelling, and swearing, and that other too familiar sort of language which is as monotonous as it is disgusting. Sticks and umbrellas were freely used. Women were not unnaturally frightened out of their wits. The police were kicked and beaten. Certain cries which were raised showed quite clearly that a number of young ruffians, who seem to have been mostly survivors of the BOB SAWYER and BEN ALLEN type, had come to Covent Garden Theatre for the express purpose of making a disturbance and annoying respectable people. They entirely succeeded. They turned the place into a Pandemonium, and for a long time there was no one to say them nay. When at last the police interfered, they met with a very rough reception, and their captives must have been a very small percentage of the actual criminals. If this most heinous offence against public order had never happened before, the authorities might have some apologies to urge for not more promptly putting it down. They might have pleaded that they were taken by surprise. But the fact is that the Covent Garden riot is a yearly event. It is as hardy an annual as Local Option or the Deceased Wife's Sister. On the last night of the Promenade Concerts, which was also the lessee's benefit, the police ought to have been prepared for a row. If they had employed their truncheons with some force to the place where the rioters' brains ought to be, no one probably would have been extreme to mark an unnecessary bruise. At all events, the tumult should not have been allowed to attain anything like its actual dimensions. The audience at a Promenade Concert have just as much right to the protection of the law as anybody else. This is a truism to every one except the police. To them it seems an unintelligible paradox.

We sincerely hope that they will not be encouraged in this strong delusion by the fatal leniency of the magistrate

at Bow Street. It is very difficult to understand why Mr. VAUGHAN did not send SIDNEY BEVIN and PERCY BAREFOOT (not a *va-nu-pieds*, but described as "a merchant of Leaden-hall Street") and EUGENE DUNCAN, "a gentleman," to prison. If Mr. VAUGHAN believed it was his duty to issue licences to commit riot and assault, at prices ranging from twenty shillings to sixty, his proceedings would be clearly explained. But he cannot possibly believe anything of the kind, and we are unable to suggest any other theory which would adequately account for the infliction of these trifling fines. PERCY BEVIN, who seated himself in the conductor's chair, "was removed from the platform with great difficulty," "not, however, before he had struck the constable on the head with a stick he was carrying." For this exploit, of which he is no doubt inordinately proud, he is charged a sovereign, which is about what he would have had to pay if he had been a cabdriver, and had driven rather too fast. We must confess that we can see some reason for the sluggishness, or even the apathy, of the police if this is the sort of protection which they receive from the hands of the magistrates. What are gaols for if not for "gentle-men" of this kind? So long as such worthies are permitted to amuse themselves as they please at a moderate tariff, the peaceable portion of HER MAJESTY's subjects will never be secure. A few weeks' imprisonment with hard labour would very soon effect a blessed change. There is nothing which a true rowdy hates so much as work, except perhaps the sort of fare provided for the victims of the law. Mr. VAUGHAN "hoped the penalties that had been imposed" would prevent a recurrence of such disgraceful scenes. He must be a very sanguine man. He further thought it "an extraordinary and unintelligible thing that people of decent positions should misconduct themselves in the manner that had been described." They will go on doing it, we can assure Mr. VAUGHAN, until they are laid by the heels. A little forethought on the part of the police, a little firmness on the part of the magistrates, and we should hear no more of these shocking scenes.

The rural rowdy, as illustrated in the case of WARR v. GILHAM and others, is, perhaps, worse than his representative in London. Deliberate cruelty is more hateful, though it is less inconvenient to decent society, than mere brutal violence. At the Swan Hotel, Pulborough, in the county of Sussex, there was what is called a "sparrow shoot" in March last. With the sparrows were starlings, the most harmless and useful, we believe, of all birds. Many dozens of these wretched creatures were caught by one GILHAM and sent to the hotel, in the grounds of which they were shot from traps. The traps were inverted flower-pots. Many of the birds had been so long in the bags that they were unable to rise when the pots were removed. These were pelted or kicked to death. For this most odious barbarity GILHAM and three of the shooting party were prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The summons was only for contravening the Wild Birds' Protection Act, which gives a close time for wild birds from the 1st of March to the 1st of August, except for such as do damage to crops, and they may only be killed by the owner of the land or some person acting under his authority. The local magistrates refused to convict GILHAM because there was no evidence that he had not authority, and the remaining defendants because they had the authority of the hotel-keeper. The first reason was groundless in fact, for GILHAM had admitted that no leave had been given him. The second was absurd in law, for the owner of the land means of course the owner of the land which is being damaged by the birds. It was argued in the Queen's Bench Division that the birds, when put into bags, ceased to be wild, and were no longer protected. But this remarkable contention did not, it need hardly be said, prevail. The case has been sent back to the magistrates, who will do well to study the judgment of Mr. Justice HAWKINS. No one will accuse Mr. Justice HAWKINS of prejudice against any legitimate form of sport, but he "cannot conceive how four or five magistrates sitting in solemn conclave could come to such a conclusion." He hopes, and we must all hope, that they "will pass an exemplary sentence on all who took part in the brutal sport of shooting at these wretched birds." The Wild Birds' Protection Act is scarcely strong enough to meet the case. It is intended rather to check carelessness than to punish cruelty. The facts show how absolutely essential is some such Bill as that which the House of Lords, against the advice of its most distinguished and respected members, unfortunately rejected last Session.

## THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

ADVICES from the Afghan frontier continue to be disquieting. They bring us, so far, no news of any abatement of Russian activity or consequently of the local excitement which that activity has produced. Sir PETER LUMSDEN and the Indian escort had reached Kushan by the 18th of the present month, and the principal part of the camp were to remove thence on the 24th to Chaher Shamba, a place on the direct road from Herat to Maimuneh and about thirty-four miles west of the latter place. Here winter quarters are, we are told, to be established, for although the AMEER seems to have raised no objection to the Commission wintering at Herat, a spot nearer the frontier was chosen, "where it will be easier to collect information." Meanwhile Sir PETER LUMSDEN is to proceed with a small escort to visit the Governor of Penjdeh in order to calm the excitement which has been aroused in that region by the Russian advances; though what are the exact sedatives which he can apply with efficacy it is not very easy to guess. It is greatly to be feared that the Governor of Penjdeh will remain more impressed by the acts of the Russian commander than by the words of a British Commissioner, particularly when he remembers that Afghan authorities in general have for some years past been subjected to the "calming" treatment by the British Power with such results as he now sees. Whether he or any of his fellows are "amazed," as the *Daily News* Correspondent puts it, "at the bad faith of Russia" is perhaps doubtful; but that they are not a little disturbed in their minds by this latest illustration of it we can well believe. Under pressure from us they have for some years past scrupulously avoided all action likely to lead to excitement among the Turcomans, and yet, they complain, within the last month, emissary after emissary, and survey party after survey party, have been sent by Russia into territory which they were given to understand had been formally recognized eleven years ago by her as within the limits of Afghanistan.

But whether amazement is or is not the prevalent emotion in the Afghan mind, there is no excuse whatever for its dominating the breasts of HER MAJESTY'S Government. We are now at the end of the month of November, and the first two acts of the drama, of which these military movements of Russia constitute the third, had been played out as long ago as the beginning of last June. Early in that month the curtain had fallen upon the "Dashing Geographer," and had risen upon the "Apologetic Diplomatist"; and, if anything is certain in the order of these performances, it was that the "Apologetic Diplomatist" would be succeeded in turn by the "Energetic General." Russia, in other words, is simply completing the series of operations which began with the impudent issue of that "War Office map" to which attention was drawn in the House of Commons in the month last mentioned. The Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1873, adopting the line of the Oxus as the northern frontier of Afghanistan, left, as is well known, the western boundary from Khojah Saleh (admitted by SHERE ALI as the northernmost point of Afghan territory on the Oxus) to the Heri Rud undefined. It was simply treated as an imaginary line between the above-mentioned point on the former river to some unascertained point on the latter. But even assuming—and there is at present no other warrant for the assumption except the presence of Russian troops there—that Sarakhs is to be taken as the point of impact of the westward-running boundary upon the northward-flowing river, the territory which would be marked out as Turcoman by a rectilinear connexion of these two points is far exceeded by that which the "War Office map" abstracts from Afghanistan. The dashing geographer has shown a natural preference for the arc—we mean, of course, an arc of a south-eastward convexity—to the more commonplace chord; and has accordingly carved a huge cantle out of Afghan territory by describing, from Khojah Saleh to Sarakhs, a curve which includes Andkoi and Maimuneh (expressly resigned to the Ameers in the former Convention), passes round Penjdeh, which commands the Murghab valley, and sweeps down far south of Pul-i-khatun, itself commanding the valley of the Heri Rud. This anticipation of the labours of the Frontier Commission had naturally excited the curiosity of one or two of those well-meaning eccentrics among us who have made the maintenance of our Indian Empire their harmless hobby, and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE was asked whether by chance he knew anything about this remarkable feat of geography. As luck would have it, he did. He had drawn the attention of the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg to it, and had received the eminently

reassuring reply that the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg "did not acknowledge" the map. The Russian Government would not go so far as to say that it was not an "official" map, for it had in fact "emanated from a public office" in St. Petersburg; but it was not "the Government map," it was not "the diplomatic map." To be plain with us, it was in short the "War Office" map, and the Diplomatic Department at St. Petersburg has "no immediate relations" with the War Office, and in fact "disclaimed all responsibility" in the matter. It was, of course, much to be preferred from our point of view that the map should have had the moral dignity of a "diplomatic" map rather than the practical authority of a military itinerary—in which character it was obvious from the first that it would be used. The real question, of course, was not whether the Diplomatic Department at St. Petersburg had "immediate relations" with the War Office, but whether that Office has not "immediate relations" with Russian commanders in Central Asia. And what we are now witnessing at Pul-i-khatun and elsewhere is simply so much fresh testimony to the repeatedly demonstrated fact that it is not what the Russian diplomatist says, but what the Russian soldier is allowed to do, which determines the course of Central Asian affairs. The movements now taking place in the valleys of the Murghab and the Heri Rud are nothing more nor less than the soldier's rough attempt to illustrate the geographer's work. It is the "War Office map" made intelligible to the student, after the method adopted by our own publishers, of hoisting flags at all the points to which it is desired to draw particular attention. We hear to-day of the Russians at Pul-i-khatun; to-morrow we shall probably hear of them at some new place between the chord and the arc—between what was always supposed to be and what Russia would now make out to be, the Afghan frontier. "Survey parties," we shall, of course, be told, and nothing more; but, to say nothing of the fact that the mere despatch of "survey parties" by the military authorities of one of two Powers into a territory awaiting delimitation at the hands of a Commission jointly appointed by both is an act of impertinence, if not, indeed, an international outrage, we cannot rely upon the Afghans attaching any credit to this innocent explanation of the movements which are so disturbing their minds. It is not from any point of view desirable that, when at last the Afghan Frontier Commission get to work they should find a series of virtual Russian outposts comfortably disposed along a line corresponding, however roughly, with the frontier marked upon that map which, though not the "Government map," nor the "diplomatic map," is so far in accord with the historic spirit of the Russian Government and the traditions of Russian diplomacy that it advances the limit of her conquests some two hundred miles nearer than it had been reckoned to be to the "key of India."

If the object of the frontier delimitation is to quiet, and not to unsettle, the minds of the populations among whom the boundary-line is to be drawn, it cannot but be wished that the Commission were in readiness to begin their labours at once. The Government of India and those who agree with them in expecting substantial advantages from the appointment of this Commission can employ no argument for these expeditions which does not presuppose that delineation of an Afghan frontier will let all parties know more clearly "how they stand." The British Power, it is said, will know the real extent of the territory which it is pledged to defend, Russia the precise limits of the region which she has again and again undertaken to respect. For our own part, we have never been able to distinguish the singular satisfaction which this view of the matter produces on some minds from the complacency with which PIR and Mr. HERBERT POCKET regarded the accurate tabulation of their liabilities. But even those who share this feeling of satisfaction to the utmost can hardly deny that the most careful examination of responsibilities on our side, and the most strict definition of obligations on the part of Russia, is not work worth the doing, if at the same time it renders our responsibilities more difficult to fulfil, and our rival's obligations more likely to be defied. And assuredly, unless the proceedings of the Commission can be prevented from leading, as they threaten to lead, to the disturbance of the minds of the Afghan population, and to the increase of the future facilities for Russian intrigue and Russian aggression, the direct advantages, such as they are, which we may derive from them will be altogether outweighed by the mischief of their indirect results.



## MR. FAWCETT AND THE BLIND.

IT is proposed, as announced on Monday last, to create a fund in memory of the late Mr. FAWCETT, to further the higher education of the blind. No memorial could be more appropriate, or could be more in accordance with the wishes of the lamented statesman whose name the fund will bear. It is one of the compensations of misfortune that, when manfully met, the good results of the example on others outweigh, even in the feelings of the sufferer himself, his own personal loss. During the lifetime of Professor FAWCETT he had constant evidence that his example was of use as much even to those who had the gift of sight as to those who had lost it. Few of those who were in the habit of meeting Professor FAWCETT have failed to be invigorated by the cheerful courage with which he met the painful problem of his life; and to many of the blind scattered far and wide over the world his name has been ever since it was known to them a perpetual source of encouragement. His example showed what force of will and a pure ambition could do to overcome the gravest natural obstacles. What a strong and gifted man may do for himself, however, has to be taught to others less self-helpful. Both in the higher and in the elementary teaching of the blind there remains abundant room for progress. In certain institutions it may be said to be as good as it can be made to be; but in too many the intelligent method is lacking. The difference is at once evident to any visitor who compares one Blind Asylum with another. The contrast between the spiritless and half-helpless inmates of the one with the active and cheerful members of the other—many of whom the visitor has a difficulty at first in believing to be blind at all—is an unmistakable proof of what systematic teaching can effect in overcoming natural deficiencies and in turning an unfortunate into a happy lot.

The main point in the educating process is to make the blind self-dependent. It is marvellous to what an extent this can be done. Without the help of any such systematic instruction as can be put at the service of the blind in organized institutions, Mr. FAWCETT was able to do a good deal more than most men with eyes are able to accomplish. To say nothing of his public work, which is before all the world, he was able to ride, to walk, to skate, to row, to fish, and to climb the Alps. His case was that of a large proportion of the blind—namely, those who have once been able to see, and have afterwards lost the power. To them the affliction is perhaps greater than to those who never have known what sight is, and the calamity is in one respect the more difficult to meet, because the habits of a man who has once had the use of his eyes are already formed like those of his fellows. There is a deftness in the case of those born blind which can rarely be acquired by those to whom blindness comes later. Yet we imagine that the blind who have once seen are happier than those who have not. The faculty of sight lost, but once possessed, can be partly made good by the words of others. The late Professor FAWCETT in his walks with friends would sometimes wish to go to a place from which he could have “a view”—that is, where the companions with him could describe to him scenes once familiar to his sight—and more than one of those who have met him have been struck on being told by the Professor (as a result of friendly inquiries from third parties as to their appearance) that he was glad to see them looking so well. The memory of what has once been seen thus comes in to aid the comprehension of those who have lost their sight, and most likely compensates on the whole for the superior dexterity which those born blind gradually and instinctively acquire. And, as far as the mental happiness of the individual is concerned, it is certainly better to have a store of pleasant memories, which is daily revived by the conversation of friends, than to have been without the power of sight altogether.

It is not yet stated what form the proposed Memorial Fund will definitely take. The first thing that will occur to most readers' minds is that the sum collected could not be better employed than in extending the system (whether in connexion with the institution or not) which has been carried out with admirable results at the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood. Dr. CAMPBELL, the head of the College, is himself, like Professor FAWCETT, an instance of what may be done by energy and intelligence in making up for the loss of sight. The College was brought prominently before the world in a speech which Mr. BRIGHT made on its behalf some months ago;

but was already well known to those interested in works of practical benevolence. Dr. CAMPBELL's aim has been to systematize and teach what he and Mr. FAWCETT did for themselves—that is, first of all, to make the blind feel independent; and then, after giving them the sense of independence, as the foundation of all that is to follow, to train them to the particular sort of work for which their capacities or past education have fitted them. But the foundation is self-help, and as Dr. CAMPBELL has spared no pains to impress on the public, the first and most important part of the education of the blind consists in teaching them to feel and act as if they were not blind. When the sense of disablement is removed all the rest is comparatively easy. If a man is brought to feel that the mere fact of his blindness does not make him a burden on others, and does not interfere seriously with his success in life, he can set to work with some heart and hope. And to teach this is the main object of the Norwood College, and should be the main object of any such fund, however applied, raised to perpetuate the memory of Mr. FAWCETT.

It is only in very recent times that the subject has been dealt with at all methodically. The old idea, even among those who took most interest in the blind, was that they were objects of sympathy and deserving of help, but not that they could be, as a rule, trained to be self-supporting and productive members of society. Blind Asylums were, when they existed, Hospitals for Incurables, and not, as they should be, schools in which the pupils are taught to be as efficient in life as those who can see. One of the earliest, if not the earliest, of such asylums was the Hospital of the “Quinze-Vingts,” founded in Paris in the fourteenth century by St. LOUIS. The reason of its foundation is said to have been the frequent occurrence of blindness among the French soldiers warring in his reign in Africa. After the national conflict carried on by Prussia against the first NAPOLEON, a number of Asylums for the Blind were organized in Germany in order to help those who had lost their sight in these wars. Some of the institutions then founded still exist. Many instances are on record of the individual effort on the part either of the blind themselves or of their instructors to meet the real difficulties of the case. BERNOUILLI, more than two hundred years ago, is reported to have taught a blind girl at Geneva how to write; and both SAUNDERSON and WEISSENBERG did the same for themselves, each devising the means most suitable for his own case. Exactly a hundred years ago, in 1784, an attempt, which has been fruitful of many beneficent consequences, was made in Paris to further develop the same idea. Fraülein PARADIES, of Vienna, who had been equally successful in devising her own method of self-help for the blind, came into communication with persons interested in the same subject in France; and the result was the founding of an institution in which, besides the first essentials of knowledge, and the subjects (such as music) for which the blind are supposed to have a special capacity, a general education was proposed. During the last century a main difficulty of training the blind is that a true theory of education comes into conflict with the charitable but unintelligent instincts of mankind. There are large numbers of people who would put down money for supporting the blind, but whose sympathies are not equally awakened by a project for teaching the blind to help themselves. The old notion still prevails, in spite of all proof to the contrary, that to give at once to the poor blind beggar in the street is a better thing than to subscribe to a fund or an institution the object of which is to prevent the poor blind man from ever coming into the street at all as a beggar. If it could be generally impressed on the public what the facts of the case are, a change for the better might be expected. The suggestion of a higher and systematic education of the blind has already called forth appeals on behalf of the general elementary education of the same class. Both rest upon the same principle. The training of the deaf and dumb comes also within the same category. When we see the marvels that can be produced in the education of those who can neither see nor hear nor (till they are carefully taught) speak, we can but have the highest hopes of any well-conducted institution or system which aims at making good the defects which nature or accident has imposed on our fellow-creatures. The example of Mr. FAWCETT will recur to everybody's thoughts in connexion with this subject.

## EGYPT.

THE squabbles of different newspapers on the point whether the Government has or has not made up its mind sufficiently on the subject of Egypt to communicate definite financial proposals to foreign Powers may provide some amusement for those who have leisure and inclination to be thus amused. But they can hardly be regarded as in other respects important. It is practically certain that for the fourth or fifth time the reluctant Cabinet has made up its mind to some scheme of Egyptian policy, and it seems to be agreed that that scheme is not Lord NORTHBROOK'S. There have been times when a Cabinet Minister, after the termination of such a mission in such a way, would have thought it impossible to continue in official connexion with colleagues who had thus made—let us call it, politely a *poisson de Novembre* of him. But Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet is not as other Cabinets, either in its corporate capacity or in its individual component parts. And, as Lord NORTHBROOK is an administrator of merit, there is no particular reason to grieve over its peculiarities in the present instance. A much more legitimate subject of grief is the amount of valuable time lost in these incomprehensible attempts to "get the Constitution to march," and the discredit which is brought on England by the spectacle of the inability of her governors to make up their own minds and to recognize facts. It is impossible, as every intelligent man knows, to say how much longer it may be called to-day in reference to the establishment of English influence in Egypt. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are behaving as if their opportunity was unlimited and illimitable.

Some reasons have already been shown here for doubting the wisdom of the outcry which was raised against Lord NORTHBROOK'S supposed propositions on the mere ground that they inflicted a loss on England and none on the bondholders. That outcry seems to imply a forgetfulness of the fact that there must be a consideration in every bargain. Partly of right, and partly in consequence of the foolish words and actions of the present Government, other nations besides England have been invested with interests in Egypt, and the whole problem is how to extinguish those interests, or at least to make it very improbable that they should be used to the detriment of England. The maintenance of the coupon might not have been the least convenient way of bringing this about; more particularly as few competent students of Egyptian affairs doubt that, with such administration as England could give, the debt could be borne, and what is more, speedily converted at a considerable reduction. When it is remembered that we are at this moment spending millions on millions in Egypt, simply because the hesitation or the prudery of the present English Government prevented them from taking obviously necessary steps a year or two years ago, the mere question of money becomes absurd. The mismanagement of Egyptian affairs by Mr. GLADSTONE will, unless there is some extraordinary miscalculation, cost the nation as much as would have been required, and is required, to extinguish the floating debt, pay the indemnities, and set Egypt on her legs again. In other words, it would have been at least as cheap to present Egypt fifteen months ago with a cheque for all the money she wanted, free of interest, as to carry on the relations of the two countries after the fashion in which Mr. GLADSTONE has carried them on. When this is considered (and it will be hard for any Government apologist, unless he has the sublime simplicity to imagine that the late vote will cover Lord WOLSELEY'S expenses, to deny it), it will be obvious at once that the affair cannot be looked at from the mere standpoint of the grumbler who says "Who are these bondholders that they should be paid in full, while I, instead of being paid, have to pay?" We are not arguing unreservedly for the proposed NORTHBROOK scheme. It might have been possible to make much better terms than those which were rumoured. But it may be feared that now that it has been rumoured all over Europe that the Special Commissioner of the English Government recommended the paying of the interest in full, and that the English Government rejected the recommendation, the general impression is not likely to be favourable. The reported application of Germany and Russia for representatives on the Commission of the Caisse may be true or false, but it is at least indicative of the kind of trouble involved in a continuation of the half-and-half policy. Whatever objections there might have been to the maintenance of the interest, it would have had at least one great advantage. All pretext of interference would have been withdrawn from the Powers. "Your subjects,"

England would have been able to say, "shall have their full interest, and, if they are paid off, their full principal. You have got no business with anything else." Nor is there implied in this argument any assumption of the divine right of bondholders. In very conceivable circumstances (if, indeed, the intelligent conduct of affairs in Egypt by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government can be called a conceivable circumstance) it might have been possible to hold very different language. As the matter stands, and looking to the interest of England, which is the only thing that as Englishmen we have to look to, a resolute assumption of Egyptian liabilities might have been not merely the most successful course in the beginning, but the cheapest in the end.

These, however, do not appear to be the days for courageous and long-sighted policy of any kind, and, this being so, it is perhaps useless to grumble at the adoption of a policy of patching and mending. A little, but only a little, nibble at the interest, atoned for by a kind of quasi-guarantee; some new loans, either directly guaranteed or preferential, to pay off clamorous creditors and give fresh occupation to the Stock Exchanges of Europe; a reduction of the charge for the army of occupation; a rearrangement of the administration of the State lands—these are the things now talked of. On the whole, the plan obviously savours of tinkering, and it has the two great disadvantages that it neither deprives foreign Governments of a pretext for interfering, nor, by imposing an ostensible sacrifice on England, endows her with an indefinite hold on Egypt. For these very reasons it is not likely to be unacceptable generally, though it cannot but be unsatisfactory to those who wish future complications to be avoided, and are not merely desirous to tide over immediate difficulties. The best part of the plan is undoubtedly the proposed alteration of the position of the State as a landowner with a heavily encumbered property. In this respect, as in others, Egypt presents the spectacle of a country over-administered and over-departmented—a spectacle which, indeed, is certain to present itself wherever French influences have been largely at work in a system of Government. The first principle of every Frenchman in the matter of Government is that "l'Administration" exists for "l'Administration's" benefit; and this principle—productive, perhaps, of no great harm in France, which is rich—is fatal in Egypt or any other Oriental country, all such countries being in reality poor. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has studied the subject without prepossession that what Egypt wants is a great deal of judicious letting alone, combined with a certain amount of active, vigilant, and vigorous watching. The latter function a comparatively small and cheap staff of English officials could easily discharge. At present a large and expensive staff of various nationalities, each of which is, as a rule, jealous of the other, is divided into departments which administer their affairs, each no doubt in the most irreproachable manner, but at a cost certainly quite out of proportion to the results. Bondholders (to make what is scarcely a pun because it is a serious truth) have certainly had much to do with Egyptian bondage; but they have hardly had so much as the swarms of officials, native and foreign, who have been set to administer the affairs of the country. The official cries even louder than the bondholder if he is "cut," and finds nearly as much backing among the various European Powers who wish to keep their fingers in the Egyptian pie. Every one has heard of the man who ruined himself purely through paying his debts. Egypt does not exactly pay her debts, but she ruins herself by providing elaborate departments of State to look after the means of paying them. An alteration in this respect would be almost wholly beneficial, though it certainly might have been effected in company with, or as part of, a much better scheme than that which, according to report, has taken the place of Lord NORTHBROOK'S birth-strangled propositions.

## SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S YOUNGEST ASSOCIATION.

MR. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON seem to have enlisted few confederates among members of Parliament. Mr. STOREY, with his seventeen newspapers, and Mr. BRADLAUGH have joined in the agitation; and there may perhaps be two or three additional converts whose names have not yet been mentioned. At the latest meeting of the little Association for the abolition of the



House of Lords, Sir WILFRID LAWSON repeated his grave or facetious commonplaces; and, like many other preachers of revolution, he was embarrassed by the inconvenient zeal of a too logical proselyte who proposed the suppression of the Crown. The Association ought in consistency to denounce hereditary descent of kings and queens, and not only of peers; but nevertheless the managers of the agitation are especially unwilling to proclaim themselves Republicans. Even Mr. BRADLAUGH deprecated the candid avowal of such doctrines of perfection. The unseasonable suggestion seems to have disturbed the complacency with which the late trial of strength in the House of Commons had been regarded. It is true that the division on Mr. LABOUCHERE's Resolution for the abolition of the House of Lords was unsatisfactory, though the motion was defeated by a majority of two to one. The words of the proposed Resolution were indeed vague and almost inoperative; but, if there had been any doubt as to its intended object, Mr. LABOUCHERE plainly intimated his real purpose in his speech. All those members who supported him, as well as the Cabinet Ministers and others who abstained from voting, knew that Mr. LABOUCHERE is a principal promoter of an agitation directed not only against the House of Lords, but against any alternative Second Chamber. Nevertheless, not only did more than sixty Radicals deliberately assent to a revolutionary project, but a few Whigs of position and respectable character concurred in a Resolution which they perhaps persuaded themselves to regard as colourless and innocuous. Mr. ALBERT GREY, heir of an historical title, and himself a zealous advocate of the protection of minorities, voted in substance that no check ought hereafter to be placed on the caprice and injustice of an omnipotent multitude. Mr. GREY himself represents South Northumberland by an hereditary claim; and it may be added that he is not a discreditable successor to the second Earl GREY, and to the third, who still takes an active and useful part in public affairs. It is no excuse for a rash and mischievous vote that it was given in support of a comparatively moderate proposal. No member of Parliament can be compelled to affirm any doctrine which may be inopportune advanced, on the ground that it is in its literal sense unobjectionable. Mr. LABOUCHERE wished not only to catch stray votes, but to deal an incidental blow against the tentative compromise between the Ministerial and the Opposition leaders. It is possible that some ill-advised Whigs may have only desired to express their disapproval of extra-Parliamentary legislation; but they share the responsibility of having brought the existence of the House of Lords into the region of controversy and doubt.

Mr. GLADSTONE amused himself by citing well-known exceptions to the popular theory which denies the existence of hereditary qualifications. It was not necessary that he should make the catalogue complete and exhaustive. There have been, in fact, a surprising number of instances in which sons or descendants have reproduced the distinction acquired by their ancestors. Mr. GLADSTONE mentioned the late and the present Lord GREY, Mr. CANNING and Lord CANNING, and Lord HARDWICKE and his unfortunate son CHARLES YORKE. He might, if he had thought fit, have reminded the House that in the middle of the last century the three most powerful statesmen in England were PITT, FOX, and GRENVILLE. Forty years later their three sons, PITT, FOX, and GRENVILLE, competed against one another for supreme power without rivals of equal eminence. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, one of the first lawyers and judges of his time, left a son who became the greatest orator of the House of Lords. The present Lord DERBY, though singularly unlike the brilliant orator whom he succeeded, has only been prevented by accident from occupying as great a position. The family characteristics of the CAVENDISHES, the RUSSELLS, and other great aristocratic houses have raised the heads or the branches of their families to eminence in many successive generations. In other departments the HERSCHELS, the DARWINS, and the LUBBOCKS have given abundant proof that great abilities may often be inherited.

Although Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his associates habitually ridicule the transmission of qualities and pursuits by natural descent, it is certain that almost every trade and employment tends to become hereditary. Lawyers, soldiers, clergymen, physicians, bankers, and brewers have in innumerable instances succeeded to parents or ancestors of the same profession. Even Sir WILFRID LAWSON's chimney-sweep may probably have inherited the goodwill of his

business. The agitators against the House of Lords form no exception to the general rule. The external advantages of descent from certain ancestors of course accounts for a part of the political success of their descendants. Sir WILFRID LAWSON's family has sat in Parliament for Northern counties and boroughs during several generations. Mr. LABOUCHERE first entered public life with the presumption in his favour which belongs to the kinsman of an ex-Minister and peer.

The son or grandson of an able man perhaps inherits superiority in one instance out of three or four. To this extent the contention that merit is not necessarily conferred by birth is undeniably true. The chances of attaining to eminence or of deserving it are much greater than those of average competitors. The fallacy which has lately been propounded by demagogues and applauded by mobs is, not that wise statesmen may have incapable sons, but that the best and fittest possessors of power are infallibly designated by popular election. The crowd could not choose a better House of Lords than the present if it would, and it would not if it could. The framer of an ideally perfect Constitution for any given community would be above all things anxious to make use of the power and influence which he found ready made to his hand. Although the House of Lords is far too ancient to have been deliberately organized in accordance with any theory, it happens to satisfy the condition of strengthening, by the character and position of its members, the constitutional authority which it possesses in its collective capacity. The great lords became a principal part of the chief council of the nation because they already possessed enormous power. As their feudal privileges gradually disappeared, they have by a natural process sunk into the second place, and they no longer claim, except in form or fiction, equal supremacy with the House of Commons; but, as Mr. GLADSTONE said in the late debate, their local influence is still extraordinarily great. It is probable that if by the suppression of their own House they became qualified for election, large numbers of them would, at least as long as the present constituency returns members, find seats in the House of Commons.

One function which is discharged by the House of Lords is the representation or protection of minorities. The House of Commons is already ceasing to share the opinions or the interests of the upper and middle classes; and when the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution come into operation, property and education will exercise less and less influence in elections. The House of Lords, though its powers are not always adequate to the purpose, will express more faithfully than the House of Commons the wishes of that part of the community which a few years ago possessed paramount power. It may not in ordinary cases be able to overrule the popular Assembly; but it will, as long as it exists, at least secure freedom of speech for the classes which are to be otherwise practically disfranchised. The number of those who deprecate change and revolution is certain to increase as the various interests are in succession threatened or attacked. The House of Commons itself may find it difficult to maintain its own freedom and independence. The alliance and support of a body which must always be opposed to anarchy and mob-despotism may perhaps be found valuable even by those whose opinions are now, as the phrase is, advanced. The progress of democracy in France illustrates the tendency of the system; and England has not four or five millions of landed proprietors to oppose to the promoters of revolution. The most reckless Parisian agitators take care to confine their attacks to fundholders and tradesmen, and they never venture to represent as a grievance the private ownership of land. At a meeting of workmen held in Paris a few days ago every speaker approved a proposal that the middle classes (*bourgeoisie*) should be exterminated, and that, in the first instance, their houses should be sacked. It may be hoped that for the present no such measures will find favour with English capable citizens; but the most urgent want of the country is certainly not the removal of all safeguards of peace and order. Only a few years ago such a motion as Mr. LABOUCHERE's for a fundamental change in the Constitution would have been summarily declared to be out of order, as it is clearly beyond the competence of the House of Commons; but it is perhaps unavoidable that discussion should be allowed when a considerable minority supports a destructive motion. English politicians have long been in the habit of congratulating themselves on the historical and spontaneous character of the English Constitution; but one

of the consequences of its natural growth is that it possesses none of the securities against experiments in organic legislation which have been provided in America both for individual States and for the Union.

#### THE TONQUIN DEBATE.

THE long debate on the Tonquin Vote of Credit in the French Chamber would have been altogether uninteresting without the intervention of Mgr. FREPPEL. It was perfectly well known that the Deputies had no resource but to give the money asked for by the Ministry. Not only is much of it already spent, but it has been laid out in support of a policy approved of at successive stages by large majorities. It does not seem to be of much importance in the eyes of the Deputies that they never very clearly knew what they were supporting, for of late if the majority have found any fault with M. FERRY, it has not been because his policy is adventurous and his demands for money excessive. The complaint has rather been that he is not sufficiently thorough either in fighting or spending. The Deputies apparently wished to see the war conducted with vigour enough to bring it to a definite issue. M. FERRY, however, would seem to have made his mind up some time ago that a settlement could be obtained at less cost with China, and at the present moment there is a reasonably good chance that he may prove to be in the right. With the prospect before them of learning that an arrangement has been quietly made at the Foreign Office, the Deputies could not make much of the future of the Chinese difficulty; and as for the past doings in Tonquin, all discussion of them was as futile as might be expected when both sides, whether in the Commission of Inquiry or the Chamber, use the same words in entirely different senses, and every successive statement is made and contradicted on equally good authority. Even the incidents—that is to say, the personalities—were below the usual level of a great French debate. M. CLÉMENTEAU's attempt to prove M. FERRY guilty of falsifying the Report of the Commission had a very lame conclusion. He revealed nothing more terrible than the PRIME MINISTER's iniquity in saying that the Chinese would probably be persuaded to make peace, but that it would never do to say so. It does not appear what M. FERRY expected to gain by this oracular speech; but the Chamber could not be persuaded that it showed any considerable turpitude. M. FERRY is manifestly liable to the weakness of telling everybody what must not be said or done in a quite unnecessary way. He committed himself more seriously when he gave his reasons for not imposing fresh taxes in 1885, and the repetition of his favourite formula is not a serious offence. After all, even M. CLÉMENTEAU cannot think it very wicked in a French Premier to treat Chinamen no better than his own countrymen.

The speech of Mgr. FREPPEL was the most important delivered in the course of the debate. The Bishop is a zealous Royalist, and a thoroughgoing opponent of M. FERRY's domestic policy; but on this occasion he went out of his way, and separated himself openly from his own party to support the PRIME MINISTER. The mere fact that a Churchman who must have motives of the strongest kind for disliking the present Government should have felt it his duty to volunteer an approval of its colonial policy is important. It helps to account for much of the popularity M. FERRY's Ministry has gained by the recent adventures in Madagascar and Tonquin. The Bishop and many other Churchmen doubtless welcome these enterprises as affording them their last remaining chance to make a profitable alliance with the Republican Government. Priests at home are fair game for the Republican reformer, but in the East, and among savage peoples generally, priests are missionaries, and therefore likely to be useful as Government agents. The extension of the French power in Africa over Tunis was forwarded by the clergy. Apart, too, from all merely worldly considerations, the Clerical party must approve of a policy which is likely to promote the extension of Christianity and secure the safety of converts. They can see no reason why the hostility of a Republican Government at home should cause them to hang back from profiting by its help abroad. On the contrary, they have every cause to be satisfied when their persecutors can be made or persuaded to advance the interests of the Church. With all the tact of a great ecclesiastic who is also a man of the world, Mgr. FREPPEL abstained from accounting for his support of the Government on these grounds. It was enough for his purpose that he

did help, and so put the Ministry in his debt. Commonplaces about the glory of France and vague references to the profitable nature of *colonies d'exploitation* did well enough for arguments under the circumstances. Meanwhile the position of M. FERRY is distinctly strengthened by the open support of a prominent Royalist politician. It shows that he is sure of at least tacit approval from a very important section of his opponents. An understanding of this kind is decidedly convenient to both parties. The Government can feel surer than ever of the assistance of the missionaries, and the Church knows that the Republic has always one good motive for treating it with at least some consideration. If the Church puts itself in an undignified, not to say rather ignoble, position by the bargain, it may reflect that there is very little in French politics at present to put it out of countenance. The long discussion, which was preceded by a longer inquiry by a Commission, has not served to throw much light on the history of the Tonquin difficulty. It has, indeed, become very plain that the Chinese officers who opposed the French troops at Langson were by no means so much in the wrong as had been supposed. Even Captain FOURNIER has been compelled to confess that the Tien-Tsin Treaty was not meant to be definitive. It was, as the naval diplomatist acknowledged, a merely preliminary arrangement with LI HUNG CHANG, and was to be subject to approval by the Imperial authorities. There is, therefore, at least a possibility that if General MILLOT had had the patience to wait the Chinese question would never have entered on its wearisome second stage. This confirmation of a very general belief has some value as an illustration of the general slovenly methods of French colonial administration, but its interest is mainly historical. The Chinese Government has been more influenced by a plausible belief that France would not fight than by indignation at the over-haste of General MILLOT or the undiplomatic conduct of Captain FOURNIER.

M. FERRY's long answer to his various critics contained the important announcement that the mediation of England has been accepted, if not requested, by both sides. As it is only fair to suppose that the Foreign Office has not put this country in the ridiculous, and possibly dangerous, position of a purely voluntary peacemaker, there is a prospect that we may see the end of the wretched complication at no distant date. It is certainly wise not to hope for too much. The Chinese Government, if anybody knows what it is, has methods of conducting business peculiar to itself, and we have an ample experience of our own to prove that it will yield to nothing but force. If it still retains the belief that France is unwilling to fight in earnest, our mediation will be perfectly useless. As, however, the Mandarins are well informed of what passes in Europe, they must by this time have begun to see the rashness of putting too much confidence in the reports attributed to TSENG. M. FERRY was very explicit on that point. His Ministry is prepared to avail itself of the friendly offices of England, but it is at last really preparing for war. The Votes of Credit for the coming year will amount in all to over three millions sterling, and will be sufficient to collect a very strong force on the Chinese coast. Unless the Imperial Government is prepared for war at all costs, it is not likely with that prospect before it to prove very obstinate. The Peking mandarins have technically a very fair case, but the advantages of a treaty do not go to any side because it is in the right. On the other hand, the demands of the French Government do not appear to be excessive. Tonquin must obviously remain in the hands of its conquerors, and the only difficulty likely to arise is as to the amount or form of the indemnity to be paid for the opposition offered to the French at Langson. On this point M. FERRY seems to be prepared to accept a compromise and withdraw his claim for a payment in money. A temporary occupation of some ports in the Island of Formosa will, it is said, now satisfy the French, who probably cherish the hope that it may become permanent. The English Government has no interest in forwarding such an extension of French power in the Far East; but it could only be finally prevented by an open alliance with China, which would mean war, and probably immediate war. By promoting a peace now, England can at least do something to keep the evil within bounds, and it cannot be blamed if it recognizes the fact that, of the two parties to the dispute, the French are much the strongest.



## NICE OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

THE scarcity of nice openings for young men is constantly deplored by parents and guardians. The young men themselves, when of a certain class, have three fixed ideas. First, they would all like to be secretaries to somebody, or some Commission, or some club. The labour is light, the title gentlemanlike, and, if the pay is not immense, it is "safe," like Master HARRY EAST's "tizzy." Secondly, the ordinary young man thinks he could do "something in the Colonies." For this manly career he braces himself by hanging about music-halls and by adorning his room with photographs of actresses, marchionesses, and other ladies remarked for their beauty and accomplishments. Thirdly, the young man wishes to do "something literary, don't you know." He is not of the sort that work away at poems, essays, stories, and send these to the hard-hearted editors of magazines. That kind of youth may not make the editor's life so pleasant to him that he, the editor, should greatly care to live. Still, the fervent boy who sends in songs and stories does do his best to qualify himself for the profession of letters. He works, he does not merely lounge. But we are thinking of the young man who, while expressing his readiness to instruct the public about everything, never really writes or reads anything. He only loaf on, in the hope that editors will divine his existence and call him forth from obscurity. For these large categories of the young we have discovered a truly magnificent opening in no more recondite a place than the columns of advertisements in the *Times*. Both they who would fain be literary and they that pine for a secretary's office have here a chance. It is thus that the modest advertisement of the practical philanthropist runs. Admire his disinterested benevolence, parents and guardians, and apply at once to this gentleman.

**LITERARY.**—A gentleman, much engaged in literary work, has a VACANCY for a young graduate of a University, or for a capable and intelligent youth with literary tastes who desires to become a writer for the press or an author. Diligence, reliability, and application to work are essential qualifications, and a good knowledge of modern languages and shorthand or willingness to learn the latter are desirable. The gentleman selected will be fully trained in secretarial duties, and a secretaryship may ultimately be obtained for him. Honorarium of 50 guineas the first year, and afterwards a salary according to qualifications. Premium from 210*l.* to 315*l.*

Applicants are referred to "BETA," but we omit the advertiser's address. Come, ye graduates of Universities, from lonely St. Andrew's and remote St. Bees, from lordly Cambridge and mediæval Oxford, and offer the kind gentleman your services. If none of you will see where your own interest lies, "a capable and intelligent youth" may step into this good thing, or, perhaps, failing that, "A Stout Boy is Wanted." You must have "reliability," however little you may think of the literary work of the "much engaged gentleman" who uses the term. If you know French, German, Patagonian, Russian, and Swahili, so much the better, and you must be ready to learn shorthand, though it does not seem likely that the kind gentleman means to teach you that accomplishment. Perhaps he is too much engaged in literary work. The happy being selected out of a crowd of SMITH's prizemen and IRELAND scholars will be "trained in secretarial duties." Perhaps he will have to make speeches for his master, if his master is in Parliament. Perhaps he may have to direct envelopes and circulars rather than the councils of the State. Then what will be the reward of labour and merit? "A secretaryship" may ultimately be obtained for him. How fair, how roseate, but, ah, how distant and evanescent is the vision! A secretaryship to a society for picking up orange-peel in the public streets, or for protecting Cetaceans from the cruelties of whalers, or for training up natives of Zululand to Parliamentary duties—such a post is indeed an excellent thing. But it is only a far-off possibility, a glittering lure, so to speak. The happy candidate will also receive a honorarium of fifty guineas in his first year, and afterwards a salary "according to qualifications," which may represent a greater or a less sum than fifty guineas. Who would hesitate to secure those present and prospective advantages by paying a "premium of from 210*l.* to 315*l.*" Really this is the calmest proposal we ever remember to have encountered, even in an advertisement headed "Literary." The fortunate candidate will pay 315*l.*, of which, in his first year, he gets back 50*l.*, and after that is left to uncovenanted mercies and the chance that a secretaryship may ultimately be obtained for him. All his "reliability" and knowledge of Elamite and Mesopotamian and diligence and shorthand he is allowed to present, with

a considerable sum of money, to the advertiser. This is cultivating the field of human confidence with a vengeance.

It is, perhaps, not very curious that these "literary" advertisements often seem to offer such one-sided advantages. A very large number of people are always wishing to enter on literature, which needs, they think, no equipment but paper, pen, ink, and their wits. Unluckily, editors and publishers seldom set any price at all on the wits in question, and the neophytes complain of cliques, exclusiveness, favouritism, and so forth. As a matter of fact, editors and publishers are only too anxious to get what is good, only the chance comes rarely. Rejected aspirants keep hoping for a royal road to literary employment and glory. They answer those advertisements in which so little seems to be offered for so much. They sink money in moribund magazines; they believe in advertisers who will "introduce" them to publishers, as if any introduction but good work was needed. Perhaps some of these amateurs may even pay 315*l.* as a premium to a gentleman much engaged in literature.

## THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

IT is daily becoming more probable that the end of the Belgian Association will follow shortly on the closing of the Congo Conference, and that the two together will afford a spectacle to people who enjoy watching the beginning, the swelling, and the bursting of a bubble. When the Association started on its philanthropic career—the facts are worth recalling at the present moment—it was going to open a new era. Under the presidency of the most tender-hearted of Kings, it was to show the world how barbarians might be approached by civilized nations and raised to higher things without the use of force or the effusion of blood. While this beautiful process was going on, trade was to develop and whole populations were to be made rich. The Association, meanwhile, was to direct out of pure love of humanity. This was the plan a few years ago. The position at present is this. No sooner did it appear that money could be made and land secured on the Congo than France, which had literally drenched the Association with mawkish praise, hurried in to have a share. In a brutal, old-fashioned way, an officer in its service began to annex territory; and then he and the representatives of the Association fell out, and even got so far as to talk of shooting. A few months later diplomatic complications began to be heard of, and then the Powers of the Continent set to work despatching cruisers and hoisting flags. Finally, the German CHANCELLOR, who has shown more confidence in blood and iron than in the finer feelings of the human heart, has called the Conference. The august assembly has met, and straightway has begun apportioning territory and disposing of several millions of people for all the world like the Sovereigns who partitioned Poland. The States represented at Berlin have also in some cases begun making private arrangements behind the back of the Conference; the first to set the example being the very Government which called all these diplomatists and experts together. There is nothing very new in the story. Philanthropic gabble about raising populations and promoting civilization commonly ends in this sort of thing. If it is remarkable in the present case, it is because there was so much gabble, and it was so nauseous, and the end has come so rapidly—at least the end of the philanthropic pretence; for what the latter end of the inevitable scramble will be cannot be foreseen, though it may be guessed at. Meanwhile, if any confidence can be put in recent reports, the humane Association itself is hard at work shooting natives and bullying its own servants. From a letter published in a Belgian paper, we learn that, in the opinion of the writer, "we in Africa are on a volcano." He has further to report expeditions against the natives on one side and "a plot to poison all the white men at Léopoldville," and then to sack and burn the station," on the other. The Correspondent, who is obviously a prudent person, conceals his name because "the Association knows how to 'revenge itself on those who tell the truth.'" Neither in all this is there anything very new. Whoever has a superficial knowledge of the histories of the Dutch, English, and French East India Companies has heard the like before; but then those trading associations did not profess to work from love of humanity. Perhaps that is why they took longer to get to the shooting and poisoning stage.

The scheme adopted by the Conference for the settlement of all disputes is worth looking at on its own merits; if only because it seems likely to introduce a quite new term into

political geography. In the first place, the Association is to be recognized as a Sovereign State, and its territory is to be defined. The principle on which the boundaries of this Power are to be marked out is that they shall include all the "commercial basin" of the Congo. The question what is the commercial basin of a river at once suggests itself. The answer of Mr. STANLEY, who has the credit of proposing the limit, and who has made the necessary map, is simple. The commercial basin of the Congo is all the interior of Africa which can be got at. All roads lead to Rome, and it is no doubt possible to get to the mouth of the Congo from any point in the interior of Africa; therefore, such is the rapid progress of Mr. STANLEY's logic, all that vast territory is in the commercial basin of the river. The proposed boundary starts on the north from the highest branch of the Congo Delta. Then, after running due west, it turns north in a straight line to a point rather higher than the latitude of Calabar. Thence it runs straight as a die right across Africa, and stops just short of the sea in the Somali country. From this starting-place it turns south and follows the line of the coast a little inland, but coming down every now and then to the sea to take in the mouth of a river till it reaches the Shiri. To make the magnitude of this frontier more intelligible, it may be well to explain that it starts from a point four and a half degrees north of the Equator, and runs to a point eighteen degrees south, or for over twenty-two degrees of latitude, a distance of well over thirteen hundred miles. From the mouth of the Shiri, which is a tributary of the Zambesi, the frontier goes north, then west, and then north again, till it reaches the southern branch of the Congo delta. This may well be called a hollowing out of Africa.

Mr. STANLEY's plan has one quality very appropriate to the work of a gentleman who is acting as American delegate. It is the biggest thing of its kind ever done. There is no pretence that even the smaller part of this great block of territory has been touched in any way by the Association; but it is to be marked off as a preserve for that body. No explanation has been vouchsafed of why the eastern part is attributed to the commercial basin of the Congo and not to the Zambesi or the Shiri. Still less are we told why the great equatorial lake-district which contains the source of the Nile is included in it. Many subordinate questions remain to be decided—as, for instance, the dispute between the Association and France as to their respective claims on the banks of the Congo above the falls. But the why of Mr. STANLEY's map-making and his quarrels with M. DE BRAZZA are comparatively matters of detail, at least to this country. What ought to interest England is the consideration that, if this scheme is carried into effect, an artificial power will be established which will have a claim to hamper all enterprise carried on from the Niger in the west or the Zambesi in the east. Moreover, this power is of a highly peculiar and unprecedented description. It is a mere trading association such as the Dutch or English East India Companies would have been if there had been no State behind them. It will have neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked. If, however, there was no alternative to this shadowy State, it might be accepted with a distinct understanding that it was a matter of form mainly, and when it failed to fulfil its engagements, this country would be at liberty to look after its own interests. But there is an alternative. France has made a treaty, as everybody knows, with the Association by which it is to have a right of preemption. Whenever the Association, therefore, falls into difficulties, France will be at hand to take over all its possessions and all its claims. Nobody who gives the circumstances a moment's consideration can believe that an international trading Company can long contrive to keep order in a territory greater than the Soudan. Indeed, fighting has already begun in all probability, and with war will come bankruptcy and the occasion for France to use its right. Prince BISMARCK is believed to have foreseen this contingency, and to have secured the commercial freedom of Germans by previous arrangements with the Association. England is urged to do the same by advisers who must have given the problem singularly little attention. If Mr. STANLEY's plan is accepted by this country, and the Association then suddenly vanishes to give place to France, much more than our liberty of trade will be threatened. We cannot afford to allow the sources of the Nile to be passed into French hands by a mere scratch of the pen. The line to be followed by the Foreign Office is very plainly marked out. It must declare that the assigning of vast territories to a Power

which neither holds them, nor has any prospect of getting prompt possession of them, is of very bad example. It must refuse to acknowledge the power of the Association as extending beyond its own settlements and the immediate territory. Particularly, it must peremptorily decline to recognize its right to sell what it has not got. If the Conference, then, decides to proceed, Sir E. MALET may be instructed to retire, and the Foreign Office may leave the subsequent proceedings to be discussed by professors of international law. The Belgian Association has secured a certain popularity among the commercial classes in the North because it seems to offer a chance of improving our trade with Central Africa. The greatest possible extension of the export of Manchester cotton to the Congo would, however, be dearly bought at the expense of providing a stepping-stone for the colonial ambition of France.

#### THE CRIME OF MADAME HUGUES.

THE shocking scene enacted the day before yesterday in the Palais de Justice at Paris was the *dénouement* of a drama of considerably wider interest and deeper social import than belongs to most of the "tragedies" with which it must be generically classed. In the outward circumstances, indeed, of its actual perpetration, the crime of Mme. CLOVIS HUGUES was no doubt a typical specimen of its class; it was "all that there is of romantic and of "French." We take the story as it has been given, with substantial agreement in details, by the various reporters of the scene; and, without for the present considering how far the intolerable provocation which the victim had given might have prompted an Englishwoman to a like act of wild justice, we may affirm, with as near an approach to complete confidence as any proposition of the kind admits of, that under no conceivable pressure of temptation would an Englishwoman similarly situated have committed that particular crime in that particular way. We feel as certain as can be that we shall never hear of the wife of any English Radical member shooting a private inquiry agent at sight in the central hall of the new Law Courts; but, even supposing that so startling an event were to happen, we feel absolutely convinced that the subsequent incidents would differ in the most marked manner from the French precedent. For instance, no English husband, not even a Radical member, would be able, we are sure, to rise so promptly to the moral level of the situation as M. CLOVIS HUGUES appears to have done, in instantly embracing Mme. HUGUES with the words, "Ma chérie! ma belle! you have done well. Now we are avenged." We have even our doubts whether the wounded pride of the Deputy would in an English bosom have so soon expelled the pre-occupations of a sympathetic husband as to induce one of our own Extreme Left politicians to shout at such a moment, "I am a representative of the people. My person is inviolable. In arresting me you violate the Constitution." To be sure, M. HUGUES is a poet as well as a Radical, and as we have no poets—at least known to fame—below the gangway, we cannot carry our comparison to the point of exact parallelism.

Every race, however, has its own way of behaving under agitating circumstances, and, as we began by saying, it is only in its most superficial aspect that the crime committed last Thursday in the Salle des Pas Perdus is at all peculiarly French. It is no ordinary case of the injured Frenchwoman and the injuring Frenchman—no mere instance of one of those domestic wrongs which Frenchwomen are only accustomed to avenge with the pistol or the dagger because it is considered the right thing for a Frenchwoman to do. The wrong which Mme. HUGUES had suffered from this man MORIN—assuming, of course, that all is true which is reported of him—was of no such familiar and commonplace kind. The blow at her honour which she has avenged with four revolver-bullets was distinguished from other such outrages in being at once more gratuitous and more basely-motivated than the common order of attacks upon feminine reputation. Mme. HUGUES had been struck not by an enemy but, as she was well entitled to consider, by a hired bravo; nor even so had she at first adopted any but the legal course of redress. She had prosecuted her traducer to a conviction, and though it is not quite easy to understand the state of mind which could impel an injured person who had already had successful recourse to the law courts to shoot the defendant during the pendency of an appeal, one may no



doubt make some allowance for feminine impatience. Anyhow, it would seem that the particular provocation which led to this crime was one of an exceptional character; that it was of its very nature undoubtedly exasperating, not merely to French human nature, but to human nature at large; and that consequently the crime itself is one which, unlike many of those that excite the enthusiasm of our neighbours across the Channel, might conceivably be committed, though in a less theatrical fashion, in any country in the world. It is for that reason that we see no appropriateness in the peculiar line of moralizing upon which it has set some commentators in this country. It is not the best possible text for a homily upon the unwholesome complaisance displayed by French juries and the French public towards the crime of homicide. The text, at any rate, with so many more striking ones at hand, is relatively inept. Assuming, as it is not too rash to assume, that Mme. HUGUES is acquitted with acclamation, and honoured with an ode by her husband, her complete impunity for a crime which may lend some colour to "extenuating circumstances" would be far less discreditable to French justice than the escape of the wretch GARNIER with a mere sentence of transportation for the cold-blooded murder of AVELINE.

The shooting of the spy MORIN finds its much more appropriate moral in drawing attention to the intolerable mischief wrought by the class of persons to which the victim belongs. M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC is said to have announced an intention of interpellating the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR as to the means at the disposal of the Government for suppressing agencies which bring so much unhappiness into honourable families. We could wish so good a cause a more discreet and responsible champion. The agencies to which M. DE CASSAGNAC refers may be plying in France, as they certainly are in this country, a trade which is, or may be so practised as to be, as legally unassailable as it is morally odious; but it is impossible not to wish that some of its English practitioners could be brought, or would bring themselves, within not pistol-shot indeed, but the grasp of the criminal law. It is certainly a very unlovely feature of our advancing civilization that the followers of this base industry should have multiplied as they have with such rank luxuriance of late years. The advertisements of "Good Mr. Spy" abound even more and more in the columns of our daily newspapers; the individuals and the firms who undertake the "delicate investigations" of matrimonial life are beginning to compete with each other in quite an embarrassing profusion. The circumstance that the highest recommendation to the world as the private inquiry agent of the individual citizen seems to be a previous conviction for misdoing as a private inquiry agent of the State is perhaps not superfluous. It is, after all, only the converse of the maxim, Set a thief to catch a thief; and a gamekeeper may doubtless be as safely trusted to make the best poacher, as a poacher, according to the popular saying, to make the best gamekeeper. Nevertheless, the trade is not only a vile one—a matter of which it would be unreasonable to complain so long as the condition of our society creates and supports it—but it is one which in the hands of "private enterprise" is of the utmost danger to the community at large. There is no means of preventing Mr. A., or, what is just as likely, Mrs. B., from hiring a broken detective or some other person of the requisite qualities and the appropriate antecedents to dog the footsteps of the suspected Mrs. A.; but the spy should understand that, in undertaking his mean duties, he must be held constructively to guarantee the justice of the suspicions upon which he acts, and that he will be called to strict account for the consequences of any mistake. It is not so long since we in this country had a scandal of our own in the matter of a private-inquiry agent; and the development which seems to have taken place of late in the dirty business makes the recurrence of such scandals more probable. We can only hope that, if any English representative of that calling of which MM. TRICOTHE and CACOLET express the comic and M. MORIN the sinister aspect, should ever bring himself within reach of a judge and jury for plying his trade to the injury of innocent persons, he will be read the sharpest of lessons.

## SCHOOLS OF FENCE, OLD AND NEW.

WE have lately called attention to a curious attempt, dictated by irrelevant patriotism, to perpetuate in Italy the national school of fencing established in the seventeenth century, to the disregard of the innovations made by the French school in the course of the eighteenth, and allowed everywhere out of Italy to be manifest improvements. A more legitimate revival of the old swordsmanship is aimed at, and effected with no small felicity, in Mr. Egerton Castle's goodly volume, entitled *Schools and Masters of Fence from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century* (London: George Bell & Sons. 1885). Various modern writers on fencers and arms have touched more or less, but always slightly, on the earlier literature. Few, if any, have had the patience to get at the real meaning of the teachers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and indeed the task is not attractive. Clumsily expressed for the most part, either in unfamiliar terms, or (still worse) in terms known to the modern fencer, but now employed in a widely different sense, and in any case of purely antiquarian interest, the works of an Agrippa or a Salvator Fabris seemed likely to remain the costly plaything of the limited number of amateurs who possess them, or to slumber in outworn and scantily-honoured age among the "dumb dread people" of forgotten books in our public libraries. Mr. Castle, happily combining knowledge with patience and (we presume) with leisure, has given a new lease of youth to the fathers of the art by making their substance easily accessible and, what is more, intelligible. It is well said of the son of Sirach, "Laudemus viros gloriosos, et parentes nostros in generatione sua." In the lesser as well as in the greater walks of human achievement there is merit in practising this kind of piety, and Mr. Castle has justly deserved its reward. For one thing, he has given us the first really critical bibliography of the subject. Even the best of the general bibliographers are sadly at fault here. Brunel is extraordinarily meagre; the articles on fencing in the cyclopedias, French and English, carry us not much further; and specialists have troubled themselves very little with such matters. The treatise of Possellier (*dit Gomard*), published in 1845, gives a first approximation. M. Vigeant's recent *Bibliographie de l'escrime* contains much useful matter, but is neither complete in substance nor accurate in execution. It is especially defective as regards English books. Mr. Castle has not only supplied this want, but given a pretty full account, from the works of Grassi (translated into English 1594), Saviolo, and others, of the fashion of rapier-play learnt by Shakspeare's contemporaries, and presented by Shakspeare on the stage in *Hamlet* and elsewhere.

We are not disposed to be quite so hard as Mr. Castle on the anachronisms of novelists and dramatists who introduce modern fencing into duels of the Renaissance. A seventeenth-century combat correctly put on the stage would be wholly unintelligible to a modern audience. The fencing scene in *Hamlet* is certainly a great difficulty. We are of opinion that *Hamlet*, as a whole, should be mounted and played in the costume of Shakspeare's own time, and also that this particular scene becomes probable only by reference to the school of arms as it then existed. The scuffling and changing of foils have no place in an assault conducted after the modern French method; though we believe, on account of this very incident, that the bout is not played with rapier and dagger, but with single rapiers. Why the challenge of Laertes is not accepted according to its first terms of rapier and dagger does not appear. Probably Shakspeare never gave a thought to this inconsistency in detail between the promise and the performance. But how, in any case, to realize the original idea to spectators who know very little of fencing at best, and nothing whatever of its history? In the sphere of written fiction Dumas and Gautier, certainly not for want of knowledge, abandoned the problem, though it seems easier on paper than on the stage. They make D'Artagnan, Chicot, and Fracasse use circular parries, the *riposte du tac au tac*, and other devices which only came in with the light and handy small-sword, and are impracticable with the long rapier. With such authority more serious anachronisms might be excused.

As regards English literature in particular, Mr. Castle extracts from George Silver's rare tract (1599) his grotesque anecdotes of the discomfiture suffered at the hands of English champions by Vincentio Saviolo and other Italian fencing-masters. Whether these stories be true or not we have no means of knowing. In the fly-leaf of the Bodleian copy of Joseph Swetnam's work (1617), the only copy known to us to exist, is a note in a modern hand referring to a MS. in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, stated to give an account of accidents which befel "one Dan. Archdeacon," an Italian fencing-master, before and after a combat appointed between him and Thomas Mowbray, a Scotsman, in the year 1599. This is probably some anecdote of the same complexion as Silver's. We have not met with any other mention of this Italian teacher. George Silver is rather hardly judged by Mr. Castle, we think. At first sight he appears as a mere reactionary grumbler against the new Italian school. But when we remember that he and his contemporaries regarded swordsmanship as an art not merely of refined exercise or strictly regulated single combat, but of military service and defence in chance medley, we may see reason to think better of him. At this day a man who had to choose for general service between a Spanish rapier and a well-made and well-balanced cut-and-thrust sabre would undoubtedly choose the sabre. But this, and no more, is the sum of Silver's contention; and the late Mr. J. M. Waite, in showing that the sabre is competent for many of the movements which have been supposed peculiar to the foil,

was his true and worthy successor. Swetnam's book is noticed by Mr. Castle only in the bibliography prefixed to the body of his work, and, according to his statement, "bears great resemblance to that of Saviolo." Our own recollection is that, while some details are like Saviolo, the system is in the main closer to Grassi's. But in any case it is a book of no originality and not much value. Swetnam, though he affects to treat Silver as the champion of an obsolete method, is not above copying from him a paragraph on the general advantages of the exercising of weapons. It is true that Swetnam was acquainted with the lunge, and is probably the first English writer who mentions it. But Giganti and Capo Ferro had introduced the "botta lunga" in the Italian school several years earlier.

Mr. Castle's studies throw a good deal of light on the relations of different schools to one another, and of the rapier school in general to modern fencing. He has been unable to discover any positive evidence for the statement, often repeated by modern writers, that the rapier was invented in Spain and brought to Naples by the Spanish armies. He has equally been unable to verify the existence of certain early Spanish and Italian treatises, going back to the early sixteenth and even the fifteenth century, which are spoken of by seventeenth-century writers. And we may now fairly assume that (unless by unexpected luck) there is nothing more to be known on either of these points. As to the general characters of the early schools, Mr. Castle points out that a fencing-master of the Renaissance taught not a connected method, but a number of tricks, which he imagined, or at any rate wished his pupils to imagine, to be his own trade secrets. The notion of "secret thrusts" is not yet quite extinct in popular belief. Only gradual experience and the practical competition of teachers reduced these crude inventions to a system capable of rational exposition. Incidentally Mr. Castle has to break a little national idol. He conclusively shows that Saint-Didier's book (1573) has no historical connexion whatever with the modern French school. It is simply a French version of the Italian methods then prevalent, and already on the point of being superseded by the improvements of Fabris and Giganti. Worth noting, too, is Mr. Castle's warning about the "guards" of these early writers. They are not guards in the modern sense at all, or, at most, "offensive guards"; they are considered not as positions of defence, but as positions from which an attack is formed. In truth, the whole scheme of defence, as now understood, depends on the combination of parry and *riposte*, a purely French invention, which was fully developed only late in the seventeenth century. Another service Mr. Castle has done to the bibliographical history is to clear up the anomalous position of the sumptuous "Académie de l'Épée" produced by Girard Thibault of Antwerp (there seems to be some variance in the spelling of the name, which M. Vigeant and Mr. Castle write Thibaust), in 1628. This is a magnificently printed and illustrated book, but of next to no intrinsic value. By comparing it with earlier Spanish works Mr. Castle demonstrates (what might have been conjectured from its being the work of a Flemish master under Spanish patronage) that it is an elaborate continuation of the formal and mechanical Spanish school, which had already long been incapable of standing before the more free and vigorous play of the Italians. We must mention that, besides many reproductions of old engravings, *Schools and Masters of Fence* is illustrated by photographs (fixed by the carbon-plate process) of typical swords carefully chosen from good collections.

It does not enter into Mr. Castle's plan to discuss the present state of the art in England or elsewhere. But the publication of such a book within a year of Captain Burton's *Book of the Sword* is in itself a good sign. Interest and knowledge are steadily, if slowly, increasing in this country. We had lately to take note of a heavy loss in the sudden death of Mr. J. M. Waite, who, abandoning the false national pride which is fatal to every kind of artistic excellence, avowed himself a learner in the French school that he might become the equal of masters in it. There is some consolation in knowing that his work is not lost or dropped. Repeating the example of his own youth, Mr. Waite had wisely sent his son to Paris to learn of M. Mérignac, now second to none in the profession of arms. That son, called on at an early age to take up the occupation and tradition of his father, has already shown good promise in public of worthily maintaining the school which Mr. Waite established nearly twenty years ago. The annual assault-of-arms accustomed to be given at Mr. Waite's rooms has not been intermitted, and, to judge by the fencing and sabre-play exhibited there last week by Mr. J. S. Waite and others, there is no reason to fear that it will lose anything of merit or interest in the future. For the lay people who care not for the subtleties of the small-sword there were hard knocks with singlestick and gloves, and some really astonishing feats of strength displayed by a well-known amateur. The Inns of Court Volunteer Corps has also lately revived and carried into good effect the plan of having a school of arms of its own; a plan formed along with the corps itself, but dropped many years ago because of the impossibility, as things then were, of getting the use of a convenient room anywhere near headquarters. We may look forward to having in time an English school of arms more wide and practical in its applications than that of France, and—if we persevere in not disdaining to learn of our acknowledged masters—perhaps even not less accomplished.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS AN EARLY CHRISTIAN.

IT has been noticed (to the grief and pain of the sensitive public) in more than one quarter of late that there is a "concerted attack" at present being made on the junior member for Birmingham. "The Tories are doing all they can to crush him," we are told, and though Lord Randolph Churchill is off to India (accompanied, according to a dubious legend, by Mr. Schnadhorst, and, for aught we know, by Mr. Bradlaugh and Sir Henry Tyler, to make a pleasant rubber), other foes remain. Many dogs have come abow-wow-wout Mr. Chamberlain (as choristers unskilled in Gregorians sometimes phrase it), and they bow-wow with great vigour and sharpness. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain has his backers.

C-II-nga the polite

And knowing R-g-rs tell him he is right—

A various reading which we commend to Mr. Courthope—and unspeakable consolations reach him from the celebrated neighbourhood of Llanwddyn. Amateur defenders, too, rush into the public prints to encounter the charges of Mr. Grenfell and the broad insinuations of Lord Henry Thynne. By the way, Mr. Chamberlain is sometimes rather happy in his assailants, for Mr. Grenfell seems to be an adept in the art of caving in, and Lord Henry's style cannot be recommended. But his apologists are at least as unlucky as his foes. That little story about the screws (by the way, why does nobody ever tell it at length?) has evoked a series of the most interesting and remarkable testimonials. There was the parson who, having failed to discover a possibly apocryphal circular referred to in some editions of the legend, at once issued to Mr. Chamberlain a complete absolution from all commercial crimes—past, present, and to come. There was Admiral Maxse, whose opinion on the licenses and limits of competition appears to be as liberal as Mr. Bright's own. And now there come forward "A. Stokes & Co.," who write to the *Daily News* to assure the world that they are screw-makers themselves, and as such understand a screw-maker's feelings. Mr. Chamberlain's actions, we are told (so then there were some actions?), were "highly beneficial to those connected with the trade and beneficent to those whose businesses were purchased [so, then, somebody's businesses were purchased?] on such liberal terms. Also to those who, like ourselves, remained in the trade." As to this last point we have no doubt about it. It must have been very nice for those who remained in the trade to have their rivals bought out of it at the sole expense of the spirited and munificent firm of Messrs. Chamberlain. But, dealing with the matter strictly on the evidence, as is our judicial habit, we think we should like some better security as to the satisfaction of those who were bought out than the testimony of those who stayed in. Still, it must be owned that the picture which "A. Stokes & Co." draw of the happiness of the bought-out screw-makers and of all concerned is very pleasing. An anonymous and halting but enthusiastic bard whose production lies before us seems to have had something of the kind in view.

Oh, blest be Messrs. Chamberlain, the noblest of all firms,  
They bought up all our businesses on most unheard-of terms.  
Our daily task (to turn the screw and eke the penny) ends,  
And we live in sweet retirement on enormous dividends;  
While the amiable monopolist increasing profit earns  
Who out of pure philanthropy extinguished our concerns.

So be it. Mr. Chamberlain has his witnesses in this case, and it can never hereafter be denied that if he bought up other people's businesses (and this say Messrs. Stokes, not we), the people whose businesses he failed to buy up were quite grateful to him. So also, we doubt not, would one of the minor lights of Wall Street be grateful to Mr. Jay Gould or Mr. Vanderbilt for constructing an ingenious corner in which all the other minor lights were impounded. There is a great deal of human nature in "A. Stokes & Co."

But to return to Mr. Chamberlain's more immediate battles with the Evil One. We have said that he has secured a witness in Messrs. Stokes, but, alas! the witnesses who are so much more wanted (in both senses) did not turn up at Birmingham on Wednesday. Mr. Chamberlain, to do him justice, did. The right honourable gentleman (as his local supporters are wont to call him, with a manly quiver of affection almost audible in the term) seems to have thought it just as well after all not to neglect a subpoena altogether, and was accommodated with a seat as usual. Wild horses would not draw from us any comment on what followed, except that it must have been fine to see the contrast between the ingenuous readiness of Mr. Chamberlain to answer any question, as far as his defective memory and the voraciousness of his waste-paper basket permitted him, and the stern determination of the leading counsel on the Liberal side that he should not answer anything at all. Why there should have been this anxiety to bottle and throttle the guileless and right honourable frankness of the witness it is impossible to say and unnecessary to guess. But it seems to have been hinted that to ask Mr. Chamberlain questions is to "make an attack" upon him. It is perhaps incident to the eventful and tormented life of leaders that they should regard all approaches of strangers from a doubtful and defensive point of view. At any rate, Mr. Chamberlain himself and his friends are all quite sure that a concerted attack is being made on him. We should not be very much surprised if they took even these harmless comments on Messrs. Stokes's testimonial, &c., as unkindly meant. For Mr. Chamberlain, if his own letters to various associations and individuals and the speeches of the faithful Mr.



Collings may be taken as showing the truth, is in nearly the same frame of mind as was the illustrious author of the *Sea Captain* when he wrote the famous preface to that famous piece. We shall, no doubt, shortly hear from Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Collings, or Mr. Schnadhorst, or Mr. Guinness Rogers, about Mr. Chamberlain's "uncertain health and broken spirits," about the "depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite," and about the "consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible to run down." There are even some expressions in the reply to Tyndall which indicate such a temper. But to do Mr. Chamberlain justice he is rather given (see Denbigh speech *passim*) to the vindictive than to the melting mood; and, for our part, we expect to have it made uncommonly hot for us when he is President of the English Republic, and Mr. Collings Minister of Education, the Fine Arts, and the Press.

The Aston business, however (but where are those witnesses?), was by no means the worst of the sufferings of Mr. Chamberlain, regarded as a Pilgrim or Early Christian, this week. The modern Vanity Fair is much softened to right honourable Christians and Faithfuls. My Lord Hategood (we beg ten thousand pardons of Mr. Kynnersley for a purely metaphorical comparison) shakes hands with them, and gives them a seat on the Bench; they have a vigilant counsel to take their parts, and the "chariot and couple of horses" that wait for them after the trial are much more tangible than Faithful's, and require a less painful process to be gone through before a man can take his seat. But here is, besides the chariot and horses, Dr. Tyndall waiting like a two-handed engine at the door of the court, and in Dr. Tyndall's hands our Early Christian gets sadly mauled. Thus the Professor (in the *Times*) starts with a neat reminder that Mr. Chamberlain, who had just "emerged defeated from an attempt to pack a Royal Commission," had better not talk about "judicial impartiality." That is tolerably *bien tapé*. Mr. Chamberlain's character for impartiality thus disposed of, the resources of science are next employed on his well-known part of protector of the poor and struggling. We all know how fond the President of the Board of Trade is of this creditable rôle, especially when the victim is a sailor or (according to A. Stokes & Co.) a screw-maker who is pining to be bought out on liberal terms. But he seems, if Dr. Tyndall may be trusted, to have taken rather the other line, the line of *instans tyrannus*, in the case of Mr. John Wigham, though of course Dr. Tyndall may be quite wrong. Point No. Three: Mr. Chamberlain has accused Dr. Tyndall of being at issue with the most experienced practical authorities. This is what Mr. Mundella says about Dr. Crichton Browne, and there seems to be about as much truth in the one case as in the other. Finally, Dr. Tyndall winds up by charging Mr. Chamberlain with swamping a Committee appointed by himself, and with "mean and grinding official despotism."

"Oh! Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find." So Mr. Browning's pleasant trochees run, and he it noted that "Oh! Giuseppe Camerlengo" will run as nicely and in a much more natural order. How does it happen that in so many quarters there seems to be so strong a prejudice against so good a man? Even Mr. Grenfell, when he caves in, caves in like a cave bear, and growls that he does not like Mr. Chamberlain in the most unmistakable manner. Dr. Tyndall does not like Mr. Chamberlain; the Birmingham Tories have the impudence to make the most dreadful insinuations about the origin of those remarkable literary efforts which he read with such spirit and unction in Parliament; the ghosts of unburied screwmakers, regardless of the liberal terms (by the way, was there not something about liberal terms in that little affair between Ahab and the troublesome fellow Naboth?), squeak and gibber in the public prints about the best of men. They all do it; and Mr. Chamberlain cannot so much as read an affidavit that comes pat to his purpose without some foul-minded person suggesting that the affidavit was got up to order. Now what, we repeat, can be the explanation of all this? Mr. Collings knows, and so does Mr. Guinness Rogers and the reverend man at far Llanwddyn, who sadly sits in silence brooding on Mr. Chamberlain's wrongs and the collapse of the agitation. It is Envy, not wholly unmixed with Fear. Apprehensive of the day when Mr. Chamberlain shall twist the interior of the last bishop round the throat of the last duke, the minions of tyranny and Toryism weave the base plot and frame the horrid sneer. "Our future leader," as Mr. Collings in a Pisgah sight of the political Palestine calls the President of the Board of Trade (note the fine taste which made Mr. Chamberlain accept only an office where the chief is called *παῖς δημοκρατικῆς* President, and not one where he bears the hated title of Lord), our future leader is Great, he is Good, and all great and good men are persecuted. The House of Lords has made up a purse (we expect to receive a handsome share of it for this very paper) out of which every scribe who vilifies Mr. Chamberlain is to be rewarded. Several Conservative poulterers (*vide* proceedings at Birmingham) are under articles to keep all their rotten eggs for the purpose of pelting Mr. Chamberlain, and orders for half-sovereigns, countersigned, that there may be no mistake, by the chiefs of the Tory party, are issued to every volunteer for the pelting. These things, which no doubt can be proved by affidavit if necessary, account for the whole phenomenon of Mr. Chamberlain's unpopularity, especially with Mr. Grenfell and Dr. Tyndall. The explanation is so satisfactory that it is hardly necessary to say

anything more on the subject. But before we quit it we should like to ask Mr. Chamberlain just one little question, which does not seem to have been put on Wednesday. Where are those witnesses?

#### THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING ACT.

THE agitation against the Electric Lighting Act of last Session presents many points of interest. The broad facts are easily understood. Inventors and promoters joined about two years ago in a loud chorus proclaiming that they were ready to supply electric light to every house at a cost far below that of gas; that all scientific, practical, and commercial problems connected with the supply had been solved. Here were the lamps, and pretty enough they looked. Here was the dynamo—a vile engineer-made word—grinding out vast currents of electricity visibly and palpably. Conductors clothed in silken braids looked ornamental as well as useful. Pretty ammeters, voltmeters, ergmeters, wattmeters were shown, and declared capable of meting out electricity with a nicety and truth quite unknown to the vulgar tinpot-like meter for gas. The mains distributing electricity—mere wires they were then called—could obviously be laid, insulated, and maintained with far greater ease than cumbrous cast-iron pipes; in fact, the only question open was which competing Company or inventor was to reap the richest harvest in the new field. No doubt whatever was expressed or felt that the harvest was matured, and the golden grain now ripe for the sickle. This burst of enthusiasm was not wholly or indeed mainly dishonest; immense progress had been made in a very short time. So much had been accomplished that it seemed natural to expect that the few remaining difficulties would be overcome at an equally rapid rate. But without actual dishonesty the boasting was overloud and the confidence premature. As soon as it was seen that the public pulse was stirred, that gas shares, in fact, were falling, a rush was made by second-rate, third-rate, tenth-rate inventors. Every little trumphy variation in a lamp or dynamo was treated as giving the happy owner of the patent a monopoly of electric lighting throughout the world. This nonsense brought rapid retribution on the head of those gulled by it, and the delay or check which has occurred in the development of electric lighting is partly due to the creation and collapse of those bubble Companies. This delay has not been without its use. The makers of electric apparatus have been doing a business of sufficient magnitude to teach them how to improve all details of the system very much; and the extinction of their poorer rivals may turn out a gain to the strong Companies quite commensurate with the loss they have sustained during the last year. The time has, moreover, now come when these stronger Companies feel that they ought to begin on their real work of supplying towns. After a period of excessive depression, they have some right to expect that they may now enter on a career of moderate prosperity. During the period of boasting and inflation, our legislators passed the Electric Lighting Act of 1882, and it is now alleged that the conditions imposed by this Act are such as to make it practically impossible to supply the electric light in towns. Mr. Chamberlain received a deputation on the 20th of November, composed of persons engaged in the business of electric lighting. He told them two things. First, that if the Bill was too stringent this was their own fault. They had said that the new light was to be cheaper, better, more easily measured and distributed, than gas, and he had legislated accordingly. But he also told them that he was prepared to consider what modification could be effected in Section 27 of the Act, which they especially attacked; a section under which the local authority has power to buy up any electric undertaking at the end of twenty-one years for the then value of the existing plant. Those who speak for the Companies say, and we think with justice, that capital cannot be raised for undertakings of this class under such conditions. Electric Companies must undertake a highly speculative business. They have now no hope of under-selling gas. Several years must pass before they can expect to make their business pay at all, and even in the later years of the concern they cannot hope to earn such dividends as will enable them to pay off their capital and to recoup themselves for the expenses of the early years when little money is earned. The contention that they must pay off their capital out of earnings is based on the belief that at the end of twenty-one years the then value of the existing plant will bear a very small proportion to the actual capital spent in erecting it. We believe this contention to be well founded. The plant of an Electric Company will consist of engines, dynamos, conductors, lamps, and regulating apparatus. The dynamos, lamps, and regulating apparatus will rapidly deteriorate in value, becoming antiquated and even archaic as invention progresses. They must either be changed frequently or employed at great disadvantage; in either case their value at the end of twenty-one years will represent a very small part of the sums spent in their production. The cost of establishing and maintaining electric mains will very largely consist of sums paid for labour, skilled and unskilled. The plant *in situ* will not represent this expenditure. The expenses of forming the Company, of litigation, of experiment, of advertisement, and management will not be represented by the plant. We hold it, therefore, to be practically true that, if an Electric Company is at any time to be bought up for the then value of its plant, the greater part of the capital must before that date be replaced

out of earnings. Mr. Chamberlain held out no hope that the obnoxious clause would be cancelled so as to leave the Companies in undisputed possession of any field they may occupy for an indefinite time. The towns had been too heavily fleeced by the Gas and Water Companies to render such an idea acceptable; and it is certain that the Electric Lighting Act owes its stringency to a sort of panic felt by the large burghs at the approach of this new invader on their domains. They have had their way, and now find they have overshot the mark. They must see already that their townfolk cannot have electric lighting on the terms which Mr. Chamberlain was instructed to demand. These terms must be improved; and the question for consideration now is in what respect the burden on the new industry may be lightened with the most advantage to the public. Now it is in no way to the advantage of the public that the Companies should be allowed to supply the electric light badly. The light is frankly proclaimed a luxury. If it is to be unsteady, inconstant, uncertain, unsafe, and supplied only within certain hours of the day, we had much better be without it. The promoters of the present agitation are not only attacking the financial clauses limiting the possible profits of an undertaking, but they, being very generally contractors, are also endeavouring to throw off the control which the Act establishes over the work they do. Little paragraphs appear in the papers sneering at the absurdity of supposing that electricity can really be managed with this absolute precision. We are told that all these trammels were devised by ignorant people called men of science, mere theorists, experts, scientific witnesses; only let us honest contractors alone, with no control at all, and see what nice lights we'll give you. Now experience is absolutely against granting this demand. It is a broad principle in trade that all work done requires inspection, and that all work ordered requires to be specified with accuracy and minuteness. The engineers and men of science have lost no credit during the electric craze; we believe that no scientific or professional name of any repute was connected with a single one of the bubble Companies. The Electric Lighting Companies were in the first instance introduced for the most part, if not universally, with no professional guarantee whatever that the statements in the prospectus were true and with no professional adviser to whom the Board could turn for an opinion as to merits of patents or the value of work done. The omission to appoint responsible engineers as professional advisers has arisen not of malice aforethought, but from an attempt to merge the manufacturing and maintaining Company into one concern—a confusion of functions which Messrs. Siemens have, we think, alone avoided. Almost all the new Companies have been started with the avowed object of manufacturing electric plant under certain patents, and these Companies by themselves or their direct offshoots have endeavoured to obtain a footing in the towns as permanent purveyors of electricity. This is as if a firm of ironfounders were to apply for power to supply water permanently to a town. The division of functions which has hitherto been found advisable is wholly opposed to this, and if we are to follow precedent, we ought to see independent Companies formed to supply towns, or parts of towns, with the electric light. These Companies should be bound to no contractor, to no inventor, but should buy the best and cheapest plant and supply electricity as a Water Company supplies water or a Gas Company supplies gas. It might pay a large Water Company to have a foundry, or a large Gas Company to have engineering works, but it would be intolerable that the manufacturing of all plant required for a given undertaking of municipal importance should be handed over to some one firm of contractors, and the abomination is tenfold more abominable when these contractors are tied to some little handful of patents which alone they use. Nevertheless, this is how electric lighting has begun, and, unless the evil is clearly seen and a remedy provided, this is how electric lighting will progress. We have a Hammond Company lighting Brighton, and when Mr. Hammond is interviewed by the universal *Poll Mall*, Mr. Hammond cracks up the Hammond system with all the joy of a contractor who gets a good advertisement gratis. Another company of contractors lights Colchester. The Edison-Swan, also, which is justly regarded as a leading Company, is a manufacturing Company. Now these contractors are all good contractors. Their systems have all some merit. But their proper business would be to compete for and execute orders entrusted to them by Companies wholly independent of any contractors or patentees. Unfortunately very few Companies of this character are formed nowadays. Promotion money has been abolished, and the consequence is that contractors are the only persons left who can afford to undertake the expense and risk of launching new Companies; and they can only do this by securing the contract from the affiliated Company before it is launched. If we are to acquiesce in this state of things, handing over each town or part of a town to a Company bound to employ a given electric-lighting contractor, it seems absolutely necessary to insist that the service given shall be such as will bear inspection of a very stringent kind. It does not seem at all desirable that the promoting contractor shall be freed from the obligation of constant, continuous, uniform, and safe supply.

It may be necessary to relax the conditions somewhat during the first few years of trial; but provision must at least be made for tightening the bonds wherever it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade that the conditions of excellence can be complied with at a reasonable profit. This might result in the insertion of a most favoured nation clause in each provincial order to the following effect. The Company should be bound to

raise the standard of regularity, uniformity, and safety to any pitch attained by any other Company paying a dividend of, say, five per cent. They should also be bound to give their customers the option of receiving the electricity through any metre found practically useful by any other Company. The competition for new areas of lighting would in the course of a few years under such a clause raise the standard of general excellence sufficiently. If some provision of this sort be not made and the present conditions relaxed, the Companies first established will be privileged to supply light under conditions which will, as invention progresses, be intolerable to the consumer. Moreover, each town will have an interest to delay the introduction of electric light until experiments have been tried on some other less wary community. The insertion of a most favoured nation clause would, however, enable the Board of Trade to sanction orders in which the conditions as against the undertakers were by no means onerous in the first instance, and this is really an important object; for, while it is certain that in the course of a few years, if the industry develops, every condition laid down as desirable by the present Act will be practicable, it is equally certain that at the present date both contractors and engineers would be much puzzled how to carry them out at any reasonable cost.

But how about the 27th Section? This provision is intended as a protection against the creation of monopolies. It is generally granted that competition does afford the consumer as much protection from the greed of the producer as can reasonably be expected in an imperfect world. It is very clear that no serious competition in electricity will be possible when once a Company has established its network of conducting rods over or through a given district. In gross cases of overcharge or incompetence a competitor may make good an entry, but in a very short time the two rivals will amalgamate or come to an understanding virtually equivalent to amalgamation; while, however, it is admitted that competition in electricity can hardly be secured, it must be remembered that Electric Companies have already a competitor of such vigour that they protest themselves quite unable to beat him on the question of price. How would it be if we were to make sure that this competition should remain real and vigorous by the following device? Let the 27th Clause be in abeyance so long as it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade that no agreement or understanding has been come to between the Gas Company and the Electric Lighting Company, but if the Gas and Electric Companies choose amalgamation, then let Clause 27, or something like it, come into effect. Further, if the Gas Company, being ruined, should cease to compete, Clause 27 might come into effect. So long as gas competes with electricity, and we believe this period will extend far beyond twenty-one years, there seems no reason whatever to fear that electrical Companies will obtain any monopoly of an oppressive kind. If the light is bad and dear no one will take it. To obtain a market of any magnitude the Companies must give something much better than gas, and this is a far more real protection to the public than Section 27 or any other Parliament-made law can give. It is a protection given by a law of nature. Secure competition between gas and electricity and the public is safe. Allow amalgamation between these two interests, and make what laws you please, the public will pay through the nose for bad lights. When the present Act was brought forward the Gas Companies had been much alarmed, and it was urged in their interest that they ought to have the option of adding electricity to the commodities they might vend. But confident, and rightly confident, in their strength, they have made no attempt to take up this new branch of business; and to-day they cannot complain if they are told that they must henceforth hold by gas, and nail their colours to the mast in its defence. If the amalgamation of Gas and Electric Companies can in any way be prevented, the 27th Section of the present Act may be repealed, for ordinary commercial principles will provide a sufficient safeguard against an extravagantly dear or a grossly inefficient supply of electricity. If this cannot be secured, the Board of Trade must stick to its stringent rules, or relax them only for a short term. It should seek to give to independent Companies some substantial advantages over those which are bound to given contractors; and, if electric lighting is to progress, it must consent to a very considerable extension of the period of twenty-one years, which is now fixed as the limit to the life of any Electric-light Company which may pay good dividends.

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ADAMS & COLERIDGE.

THE interest taken by the general public in the great libel case of last week has in it something that is creditable and something that is a little absurd. On Friday and Saturday the proceedings were watched with the closest attention, for reasons easy to be understood, by a densely-packed audience, consisting almost entirely of barristers. Probably none of them would have predicted on Saturday morning the conclusion which was arrived at on Saturday afternoon. Certainly none of them, unless very peculiarly constituted, can have been altogether satisfied with that conclusion. On Sunday morning the broad facts were made known to the world at large, and on Monday the storm broke forth, and raged on that and the ensuing days. The daily press, with the exception of the *Daily News*, and we think one provincial journal, was unanimous in its condemnation of the course



that had been pursued. Accusations of partiality and incompetence were freely levelled at Mr. Justice Manisty, Mr. Coleridge was declared to be a heartless brother, and Mr. Adams a suffering innocent. Mr. Justice Manisty, for his part, added fuel to the flames by a spirited, if gratuitous, announcement that he was quite right, and his detractors quite wrong; that he had often done it before, and had every intention of often doing it again. The outraged jurors bemoaned their sad fate in the columns traditionally provided for that purpose, and the scribes of the gutter made merry after their kind with artless travesties about "Mr. Justice Manifest," doubtless to the edification of that part of the community to which a great philosopher, recently departed, has asserted that the population of London "mostly" belong. Altogether, so much has been said and shouted that the time seems to have arrived when it is possible to discuss soberly the various topics which have been introduced into the principal controversy, and to estimate what there is to complain of, and how much, and why.

Mr. Adams, the plaintiff, showed in one way the drawbacks, and in another the advantages, of appearing in such cases in person instead of being represented by counsel. There is no doubt that in many cases at Nisi Prius, and in most cases involving character, it is more to the plaintiff's advantage to appear in person if he can manage his case with as much discretion and present it to the jury with as much perspicuity as would be exercised by counsel on his behalf. The sympathy that the unequal contest between a professional fighting for somebody else, and an amateur fighting for himself, excites in the minds of the jury, is, *ceteris paribus*, worth about 40 per cent. Mr. Adams's case was of the simplest nature, and on the second day of the trial, when he had discovered that it was so, he, being evidently a person of considerable ability as well as some elocutionary power, was able to present it to the jury in about the most favourable light for himself that was possible. On the other hand, if he had had counsel, the first day would not have been, as it was, entirely wasted in the plaintiff's futile attempts to make an irrelevant speech, and it is conceivable that a gentleman practised in legal argument might have been able to persuade Mr. Justice Manisty that there was evidence of express malice, in which event, the case for the defence being conducted as it was, there would have been a verdict and judgment for the plaintiff in the ordinary course. Mr. Adams's difficulties on the first day arose from the fact that his speech had evidently been prepared by him with great care, and was of such a character that he could not be allowed to make it. The forbidden topic was Lord Coleridge; and, since some people have not scrupled to say and to insinuate that Mr. Justice Manisty showed partiality in screening his colleague from Mr. Adams's attacks, it may be worth while to point out that the reason why the disagreeable things, whatever they were, which Mr. Adams wanted to say about him, were not allowed to be said was, not that he was Lord Coleridge, but that he was not Mr. Bernard Coleridge. Any one can understand that a man involved in the sort of family quarrel in which Mr. Adams's particular grievance arose would like to make all kinds of charges, and urge all kinds of grievances, against any member of the offending family, and would like it the better the more conspicuous in the family the particular person was, and the more it would be likely to annoy him. But as a matter of common sense, every one must admit that what Lord Coleridge had said or done in the matter could not be a ground for the assertion that his son had not been in a lawful state of mind at the moment when he wrote a certain letter. Therefore, Mr. Justice Manisty, upon the principle that lawsuits would never end unless the parties were limited to matters that have to do with the case, was obliged to prevent Mr. Adams from making the speech he had come prepared to make, and a day was spent mostly in prohibitions and remonstrances on the one side and the other. The second day, Mr. Adams, having profited by experience, had prepared a statement for the witness-box which was unexceptionable in matter and manner. He only stated such facts in his career as were necessary to the complete understanding of the case, specifically denied the more important of the statements contained in the libel, and practically admitted that there was some amount of foundation for the less important. He called some witnesses in support of his own evidence, and his case was over. Then occurred what seems to us the thing most to be regretted and most surprising in the whole of the proceedings. The Attorney-General, on behalf of Mr. Coleridge, after making the application for a nonsuit which every one expected, deliberately refused to give evidence in the event of the case being submitted to the jury. Now Mr. Adams had proved, without being cross-examined, and with next to no cross-examination of any of his witnesses, that Mr. Coleridge had said of him the following things which were entirely incorrect:—That at the time when he married his wife (which he avowed that he had done against her parents' will) she was under age; that the Bishop of Cape Town had therefore refused to marry them, whereas the real cause of his refusal was that he had been told that Mr. Adams was married already; that he had ill-treated his wife; that his daughter had to live away from him upon the charity of other relations; and that none of his relations would have anything to do with him. These, it must be admitted, are serious allegations to make, even in a private letter to a sister, and it would seem that Mr. Coleridge had, unfortunately for him, been seriously misinformed. But was the Court, or were the jury, bound to infer that in making these grave charges, which must be taken to be wholly undeserved, he was not acting spitefully, or

even recklessly, and had taken reasonable and proper means to assure himself of their fairness? Did it not, until he should go into the witness-box and swear to the contrary, seem at least an equally likely conclusion that he was angry and reckless? To this consideration we must add that the part of Mr. Coleridge's letter which did not treat of Mr. Adams, but of the relations between Miss Coleridge and her own family, was not the kind of communication that one would expect to be written by a man who had been cool enough and careful enough to verify, with a reasonable amount of precaution, the charges he was then making. For these reasons it seems to us, as it did not seem to Mr. Justice Manisty, that there was some (though by no means conclusive) evidence of express malice on Mr. Coleridge's part, and that the Attorney-General threw away a fair chance of a verdict for the defendant in not giving sworn evidence that the charges against Mr. Adams were believed in when they were made, and believed in not out of vague spite and dislike, but on the information of persons who might be supposed to know something about it. The jury, in returning their verdict, indicated that the circumstance of Mr. Coleridge's refusal to retract his statements had great weight with them. This danger, too, might have been obviated by the defendant giving evidence. The theory that because he would not retract therefore writing the letter was malicious, had superficial—and, we think, only superficial—plausibility. Assuming that the letter was written in good faith, why should he have retracted it? It would have been more natural to say, "You say these charges are not true; that is no affair of mine. I made them in good faith, and believed them on reasonable grounds. Therefore if I was in fact mistaken, I am neither legally nor morally responsible to you for that, and I will neither retract nor apologize." But that attitude could not properly be taken up except upon the foundation of original good faith, and that was just what the jury doubted about. Altogether the jury seem to have been exasperated by the whole affair. They were disappointed of the more scandalous charges which the natural man in them hoped were going to be preferred against the Lord Chief Justice; the defendant did not condescend to set forth his case to them, or to offer in his own person a last hope of sport in cross-examination; they had a suspicion that the Judge would do his best to nullify their verdict if they found for the plaintiff; and, being independent men, as all jurymen should be, they tacitly felt that under the circumstances the verdict which it was obvious that the Judge did not want or expect was the best they could find. Especially active must these (doubtless unperceived) sentiments have been when the amount of the damages had to be fixed. Thousands of pounds are all very well when libels of a ruinous character have been published to all the world in the public press; but when the whole publication by the defendant was a statement made, in a letter marked private, to one person who did not believe a word of it, and had consequently done the plaintiff no pecuniary injury whatever, the amount argues a want of appreciation by the jury of the proportions of things. In fact a logician might suggest that, if the jury thought it really took 3,000*l.* to vindicate Mr. Adams's character, they could not have believed Mr. Adams's evidence, which, as it was not contradicted, they were bound to do.

We have reserved for the last the question whether Mr. Justice Manisty was well advised in taking the verdict of the jury first and stopping the case afterwards. To judge by the howling and lamentation his action has produced, one would think such a device had never been heard of before. It is, of course, not uncommon; but our own opinion is that cases in which personal character are involved are not the sort of cases for which it is suited. The question which Mr. Justice Manisty had to decide, though a question of law inasmuch as it is one for the Judge, is really a question of fact, or perhaps mixed fact and law, and one which the Judge always has to settle at the end of the plaintiff's case. It is whether any facts have actually been given in evidence which, if the jury believe them all, tend to show that the plaintiff has a cause of action sufficient to make it not unreasonable for the jury to find for the plaintiff, supposing the case stops there. It is a long question to state, but it generally seems easier to answer in practice than might be expected. The reason is that, as a rule, a Judge does not stop a case unless he is clear and has no doubt that there is no case. Mr. Justice Manisty must have had some doubt, or he would not have wasted his time in letting the case go to the jury. In our opinion the real objection to his action is that a Judge of the High Court ought not, except in cases that are of the first importance and also new, to think about the Court of Appeal. He ought to assume that he is right, and not to make elaborate provision to meet the case of his being wrong. Mr. Justice Manisty assumes, as a matter of course, that Mr. Adams will go to the Court of Appeal, and says to him, "If I am wrong you will find the verdict convenient," which is true, but not dignified or useful in the long run. And if Mr. Justice Manisty is right, which really he ought to be, Mr. Adams will not find the verdict convenient, but it will be more like a sorrow's crown of sorrow. Therefore we do not think the practice suitable to the occasion, but we are glad to inform certain timid and surprised persons that we do not think the reputation of the English Judges is in peril of extinction, or that the fine old institution of trial by jury is tottering to its fall.

## THE POPE AND THE ULTRAMONTANE PRESS.

IT has long of course been well known that Leo XIII., unlike some of his recent predecessors, is not only a man of liberal culture and literary tastes, but—more than that—a man sincerely convinced that the cause of Catholicism, as he has repeatedly asserted, has everything to gain and nothing to lose from that “free handling in a becoming spirit,” which the press in the hands of orthodox but learned and fair-minded writers may be expected to supply. How far that conviction is justified it is not our present business to discuss; that it is honourable to the Pope that he should entertain and be prepared to act upon it, few will be disposed to question. As a matter of fact at all events he does honestly believe that truth is on his side, and that in a fair field truth must ultimately prevail. To a pontiff thus minded there could hardly be a greater annoyance, to use no stronger term, than to find those who profess themselves *par excellence* his friends and supporters, and the special if not exclusive representatives of “the Catholic press,” betraying so little of this calm assurance of the victory of truth that they are determined it shall conquer, if at all, by the aid of falsehood. It does not require much reading between the lines to understand that the letter his Holiness has recently addressed to the Papal Nuncio at Paris is really intended, as indeed it has been generally understood, to convey a severe reprimand to the *Univers*, the organ of the late M. Veuillot, which still inherits, if not the literary brilliancy, a full measure of the unscrupulous malevolence of its founder, whom Bishop Dupanloup justly accused of making calumny the chief weapon of religious journalism. And the present state of acute tension in the relations of Church and State in France must inevitably make the adoption of such methods of controversy peculiarly disastrous. To set Liberal Catholics at loggerheads with their Ultramontane rivals, in face of the persistent attacks of the Republican Government on the Church to which both alike belong, is something more than “swapping horses in the middle of a stream,” or washing one’s dirty linen in public. It is to provoke and proclaim internal feuds in an army during the crisis of a battle. At such a moment, as the Pope pathetically observes in the opening clause of his letter, “when the enemies of the Church are fanatically warring against it, nothing could be more consoling than the union of Catholics in withstanding every assault and combining their forces in a common resistance.” The Pope himself has indeed more than once before expressly urged upon his followers this duty of union and mutual forbearance, though we are not aware of his having before interposed so directly to censure the violation of it. Those who happen to be acquainted with the sort of pious amenities in which the scribes of the *Univers* and other Ultramontane organs habitually indulge—their bitterest abuse being invariably reserved for their own co-religionists—will readily conceive that the provocation to speak out was not inconsiderable. How far this method of dealing with what had confessedly become a public nuisance will prove successful, is another matter. But it may be as well before going further to give a brief sketch of the contents of a Papal admonition very different indeed from those the *Univers* was accustomed to receive under the last pontificate.

His Holiness, after the exordium already noticed, proceeds to state that these internal quarrels have of late broken out in France with increasing warmth, the responsibility falling chiefly on writers, especially journalists. “Their passionate controversies, their personal attacks, their constant accusations and recriminations, by adding daily fuel to dissensions render conciliation and brotherly harmony more and more difficult.” Yet on French Catholics above all others he had repeatedly enjoined union in faith and charity, and that for an obvious reason; “when among this people sects and enemies of all kinds join in assailing religion and the Church of Christ, and leave nothing undone to eliminate her salutary influence from social life, what is the Church’s supreme interest? It is that her sons should cease to waste their time and strength in attacking each other, and thus giving every advantage to the impious designs of their enemies.” The Nuncio is therefore urged to use all the means in his power to put an end to this deplorable state of discord among French Catholics, and to induce all, especially journalists, to lay aside discussion on disputed points. They should rather listen quietly to the teaching of the Holy See and unite their energies in the common defence of religion and of society. It is not their business, by dogmatizing on open questions, to usurp the teaching office which appertains of right to the Holy See and, under its superintendence, to “the other pastors appointed by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church of God.” The part of the faithful is to accept and act upon the teaching thus provided for them, and “Catholic newspapers should be the first to set an example of this kind.” To those who know anything of the career of the *Univers* and its relations with the French Church during the last thirty years or so these words will be sufficiently significant. But the drift of the concluding sentence which follows, and is a piece of thinly disguised history in the form of prophetic warning, is, if possible, still more unmistakable. “If indeed the action of the press was to result in rendering more difficult to bishops the accomplishment of their mission, and in weakening the respect and obedience due to them, if the hierarchical order established in the Church of God were disturbed by inferiors arrogating to themselves the right of judging the doctrine and conduct of their rightful teachers and pastors, the work of these journals would be not only powerless for good, but in more ways than one very highly prejudicial.” The meaning of such language cannot be misunderstood by those to whom it is addressed.

It contains a stern condemnation of the line consistently pursued for years past by the *Univers*, not—it must be confessed—without the connivance or rather direct encouragement of the late Pope, who took little account of the teaching office of “the other pastors appointed by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church of God,” if their manner of teaching did not happen altogether to harmonize with his own. It appears that the *Univers* has lately been making fresh attacks on the memory of Bishop Dupanloup and on the Liberal Catholics of France generally. That is quite in accordance with its old tactics. Mgr. Dupanloup at one time forbade his clergy to read the paper, on account of its virulent abuse of himself and other French bishops and its general style of “arrogating to itself the right of judging the doctrine and conduct of the lawful teachers and pastors,” which, he declared, impeded the work of the bishops and prejudiced the respect due to them. But M. Veuillot appealed to Rome, and of course gained the day, for he was a favourite of Pius IX., who had little love for Dupanloup. The persistent abuse of the Bishop of Orleans, by far the most distinguished member of the French episcopate, and of men like Montalembert, the very flower of the French Catholic laity, went on merrily as before, with the warm approval of the Vatican. And when the great prelate passed away, M. Veuillot pronounced over him, as Pius IX. had pronounced over Montalembert, a characteristic and characteristically inappropriate epitaph; he was *un de ces passants remarquables qui n’arrivent pas*. This however was mildness itself compared to his ordinary judgments, for M. Veuillot displayed a ferocious originality of malediction which was quite a literary curiosity in its way.

It is impossible for any upright and impartial observer, whether he be a Liberal Catholic or not, to help sympathizing with the righteous indignation of Leo XIII., who certainly has the best possible reason for desiring to be saved from his too zealous friends. But while there can hardly be two opinions as to the good sense of the advice contained in his letter to the Paris Nuncio, there is more room for doubt as to the expediency of giving authoritative advice on such matters at all. The French Ultramontane press, and notably the *Univers*, is about as offensive, foolish, and intemperate as it well can be, and cannot fail to very seriously compromise the cause it professes to represent. It abundantly deserves all and more than all the Pope has now said of it. But still journalism is nothing if not independent; it loses not only its spontaneity, but its proper influence, if it is understood to be inspired, and this holds good pre-eminently of religious journalism, when the inspiration comes from the supreme authority in the Church. No doubt Leo XIII. is so far only following the example of his predecessor, who was always officially belauding or befouling writers and journals, accordingly as they advocated or assailed the extreme and narrow policy with which he had identified himself. But then Pius IX. had no wish to invoke the aid of the press as an independent power, and no faith in its claims or its services as such; he wanted it to be simply the obsequious echo of his own infallible voice, and whatever special influence the *Univers* and organs of that type might derive from being understood to represent his personal authority he was more than willing to bestow, and he was at least consistent in doing so. Every number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* used to be actually submitted to him in proof before it appeared; he had publicly accorded his eulogy and benediction to the “insolent and aggressive” literary crusade of M. Veuillot, and he addressed in June 1870, during the crisis of the Vatican Council, a laudatory Brief to the *Tablet*, an extract from which still appears every week on its title-page. But in these cases he was not checking but stimulating—however improper and undignified such a procedure may appear to ordinary apprehension—the natural impulse of the writers; as the Brief to the *Tablet* words it, *animos etiam addimus ut in incaptis vestris constanter maneatis*. It was as though Leo XIII. had been then upon the throne, and had addressed—as we may be sure he would have been far too sensible of the lofty impartiality demanded by his position to have thought of doing—a commendatory Brief to the editors of the *Correspondant* and the *Home and Foreign Review*, which last by the way Pius IX. did manage indirectly to suppress. But if the just remonstrances of the present Pope could tune the discordant howls of the *Univers* into the accents of “peace and harmony,” the spectacle of Saul among the prophets would be more laughable than impressive. It is just possible that the paper may cease to appear, in deference to the Papal censure—though Ultramontanes are usually the very last people to pay heed to the admonitions of a non-Ultramontane Pope—or it may pass into other hands. But for the successor of M. Veuillot to cease to “curse bitterly,” after the example if not with the vigour of his late master, and be found discoursing words of gentleness and wisdom, “clothed and in his right mind,” would be a prodigy not less miraculous than any that have been reported from La Salette or Lourdes. And it may be feared even so that the tardy resipiscence of Philip sober would produce little salutary effect on the admiring but somewhat demoralized votaries of Philip drunk.

## THACKERAY’S AUTOGRAPHS.

THE art of imitating other people’s handwritings is no doubt fascinating for its own sake, as well as not unfrequently a source of considerable profit. In its ordinary commercial applications it is naturally objectionable to bankers and sometimes to the widow and orphan. The vulgar forger, however, is like a



parasitical insect—one of the regular evils of life which we can anticipate and guard against. When we catch him we crack him, and need say no more about it. At times, however, a man applies talents which might have won thousands in the City to a less profitable but less dangerous trade. Instead of forging notes he forges saleable documents. Mr. James Payn is at this moment doing his best to remind the public of one famous case of this kind. All Shakspearian students know what an amount of trouble has been given at a much later period by a skilful fabrication of apparently historical papers. It is a curious psychological problem to account for such an application of great knowledge and industry when there is so little prospect of compensation in any form, even if detection should be escaped. There is no such difficulty in accounting for a petty branch of the trade which seems to flourish, and which certainly requires, as we shall see, little beyond manual dexterity. Collectors of autographs are aware in a general way that they do not always get genuine articles. A few facts which happen to have come under our notice in regard to one particular author in whose manuscripts we have taken an interest may put some people on their guard, and are a curious illustration of the present state of an obscure occupation—fitted for the many young gentlemen who can read and write, but have a difficulty about entering overcrowded professions.

Thackeray, as our readers probably know, wrote a remarkably beautiful, regular, and characteristic hand. Perhaps its regularity makes forgery the more interesting. At any rate, during the last few years some person (or persons) has acquired the art of reproducing this hand with considerable closeness. One difficulty, however, must have immediately presented itself in the way of turning his talents to account. Though it is comparatively easy to write Thackeray's hand, it is not altogether so easy to reproduce his style. The artist (if we may assume his identity) first evaded this by a simple device. He copied one of Thackeray's shorter essays, and sold the copy as the original MS. Here, however, he came into awkward collision with facts. It happened that the original MS. was in safe hands, and that its authenticity could be established beyond a doubt. The purchaser of the sham judiciously applied in the proper quarter, and the imposition was exposed. From fear, perhaps, of a similar difficulty, our artist next resolved upon the composition of an original letter. His first experiment, however, showed a simplicity which yet did not, strange as it may appear, defeat its purpose. He took the first piece of literature which came to hand and copied it out, being apparently of opinion that what one author had written for one purpose might be written by any author for any purpose. The result was a remarkable letter from Thackeray to the following effect:—

DEAR JOHN,

The Normans were particularly fond of hunting, and William took so much delight in this sport that he formed a hunting-ground for himself, called the New Forest, near his favourite residence at Winchester. Severe forest-laws were introduced, from which the game-laws of the present day had their origin.

Yours affectionately,  
W. M. THACKERAY.

This remarkable specimen of Thackeray's graceful epistolary style, plunging *in medias res* and out again with such careless felicity, found a purchaser. Perhaps, however, the artist had reason to think that the internal evidence was not so convincing as it might be, or that the composition was defective in interest. He accordingly went a little further afield. Another letter of Thackeray's presently turned up, which ran somewhat as follows:—

DEAR THOMAS,

There is certainly an interest and a charm about old London, its crowded busy streets, its ancient churches and buildings, and narrow lanes and passages, with quaint names, of which we dwellers in the stucco suburbs have no conception. There is the river, with its wondrous freight, and the busy docks, where stores of strange goods are lying, that bewilder one as one gazes.

Yours ever,  
W. M. THACKERAY.

Now, although there was a certain abruptness about the sentences so tacked on to the beginning and end, the style had something of the true Thackeray flavour. The proprietor rejoiced in his possession of this characteristic fragment until one day he found the very same words in an article republished from the *Cornhill* by Thackeray's daughter. He puzzled over the problem thus presented. Had the daughter appropriated the father's writing; or the father composed letters by copying a bit from his daughter? The solution of this difficulty was discovered by a proper application, showing that our artist had so far profited by experience as to appropriate at least a piece of work such as Thackeray might himself have composed. He had, however, now to reflect that even the most eminent authors may be expected when they are writing letters to do something else than fasten a "Dear Sir" and a "W. M. T." to the end and beginning of a miscellaneous fragment of reflection. He boldly proceeded in due time to compose such letters as commanded themselves to his intelligence. Thackeray, he reflected, was a humourist and an editor. Obviously, therefore, he would occasionally write something funny, and at times would give good advice to a brother author. A series of letters was accordingly manufactured, some of which had the honour of appearing—without a hint of any doubts of their authenticity—in a journal which, whatever faults it may have, is not excessively stern in its rejection of hitherto unedited materials likely to create public curiosity. In one of the

funny letters, Thackeray wrote to a friend suffering under some eye disease; he recommended his correspondent to have his eyes taken out, well washed, and put back again, adding that if they were turned inwards they would command a good view of the patient's internal economy. The letter of advice to an author was of such a kind as it is not impossible to suppose that the artist might have himself received from some much-tried editor. It was a sharp recommendation to the supposed correspondent to give up writing, and look out for a place as light porter. This letter, it may be noticed, was sufficiently passable to excite comments in other quarters, and a disparaging comparison of Thackeray's temper as an editor with that of Dickens. The appearance of the letters, however, was presently followed by a letter from Mrs. Ritchie. She did not recognize her father's style. Indeed, she thought it surprising that other people should not be struck by the difference between these compositions and her father's known writing. Though pestered, as he has told the world, by unreasonable contributors, he was not simply brutal in his replies; and, though he is generally admitted to have had some sense of humour, he was not given to boisterous schoolboy buffoonery. Careful critics profess to be able to discover a certain refinement in his playful writing, which is not evident in this facetiousness about bad eyes. However, an intelligent public is suspicious of mere arguments from internal evidence. Critics disagree; and some people might attribute the facetiousness about the eyes to the author of *The Snob Papers* and *Vanity Fair*. Luckily the ingenious artist had committed an oversight. The letters were dated; the dates were inconsistent with historical facts; and one in particular was dated "Kensington, W., 1849," a period at which the postal districts were not as yet in existence. The fact was decisive even to the bluntest of perceptions.

We need hardly point the moral of this little story. The artist has evidently improved with time. He may attain an even higher pitch of skill. He may copy a letter from some one capable of writing a style not impossible for Thackeray, and he may avoid the little blunders to which attention has been publicly called. The manual part of his work shows some skill, and it might be difficult to disprove the letters on that ground alone. Some literary resurrection-man may hereafter come into possession of such documents, and publish them after the precedent of the letters attributed to Shelley. It is bad enough very often to have the genuine letters of a great man published; but at least it is desirable to guard against spurious imitations of professional forgers. Only the other day an illustration was given in the life of Mr. Whittier of the kind of legend which may pass current amongst the stupid part of the public. A circumstantial story of how Thackeray fuddled himself at his club in company with Whittier (whom, as it happens, he had never seen, and who has never been in England) has, it seems, been going the rounds of the American press. The story was repeated only to show its utter impossibility; but such stories may be circulated by the unscrupulous penny-a-liner without the contradiction. When *Jane Eyre* was a new book, one of our most eminent Reviews did not scruple to give currency to the impossible story that its author was a discarded governess of Thackeray's, who had stood for Becky Sharpe, and revenged herself by a portrait of Thackeray as Rochester. The smallest knowledge of the facts suffices, of course, to destroy such fictions for all intelligent readers. They show, however, how rapidly a legendary halo of fiction grows up round any eminent name; and though, happily, the forger is seldom clever enough to be armed at all points, we can only say that the most absurd fictions are finally exploded. If a man has the luck to tell a probable tale, it may thrive for a long time; indeed, every one who has looked into the anecdote literature about great men of remoter periods knows that a presumption is against the truth of any anecdote not resting upon indisputable first-hand evidence. Shakspeare has been accused of drunkenness as well as Thackeray, and we cannot now cross-examine the witnesses or test their means of information. If our opportunities for investigation are now greater, so is the appetite for scandal; and it looks as if there would be room for a Society for the preservation of established reputations as well as of ancient buildings, if the flood of libellous inventions is to be kept within bounds.

#### THE FALL IN MONEY.

THE changes in the value of money since we last wrote upon the subject again bring out very clearly the peculiar constitution of the English money market and the dangers that spring out of that constitution. It will be in the recollection of our readers that all through the summer, owing to the depression in trade and the collapse of speculation, the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short loan market of London was extremely low, but that early in October, because of withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for export, particularly to New York, the rate of interest suddenly rose. In a single month the Directors of the Bank of England advanced by three successive steps their rate of discount from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent., the rise thus being as much as 150 per cent. Strange to say, however, no sooner was the rate advanced to 5 per cent. than a downward movement began in the outside market. The bill-brokers and discount-houses had closely followed the action of the Bank previously; but during the past fortnight they have competed so actively for bills that at the end of last week the rate of discount

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with them fell to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Thus, the rate of discount in the open market was about 30 per cent. lower than the minimum rate of discount of the Bank of England. But this week the movement has been reversed. The rate of discount rose on Monday, and has continued advancing all the week. The immediate cause of the fall a fortnight ago was that the drain of gold to New York stopped; and as the reserves of the New York associated banks are larger than they have ever been before, all fears of further withdrawals for New York have disappeared. Therefore the immediate apprehensions of the bill-brokers and discount-houses disappeared, and in their eagerness to obtain business they forced down rates in the way stated, and defeated the object which the Directors of the Bank of England had in view when they raised their rate of discount, which was to attract gold from abroad to replace the sums previously taken away. The result is that the money market is in a most sensitive state. Whenever anything occurs to revive apprehension, the bill-brokers and discount-houses immediately raise their rates, and the outside market approaches once more close up to the Bank of England; but whenever confidence returns, the competition recommences and rates fall outside. This week we have had an instance of this. Our readers will recollect that purchases upon the Stock Exchange are settled twice every month at what are called the fortnightly settlements; and as most of the transactions on the Stock Exchange are carried on by means of borrowed money, when the settlement begins there is usually an active demand for loans from the banks and discount-houses, and consequently on the Stock Exchange settling days, rates are usually higher than during the remainder of the fortnight. To some extent, doubtless, the fact that the Stock Exchange settlement has been going on this week explains the rise in the rate of discount as well as in the rate of interest which has unexpectedly taken place; but it is possible also that the bill-brokers and discount-houses have become alarmed at the suddenness and magnitude of the fall in the rate of discount, and that they are unwilling to commit themselves to a further speculation for the fall. But, whatever may be the cause of this see-saw action which is going on, it is evident that the market is in so apprehensive a state that were any financial difficulties to occur the consequences might be very serious. The failure, for example, of an institution of high standing, were it to happen now, would have an exaggerated effect.

The responsibility for the present condition of the money market must be distributed between the three classes which make up the market—the Bank of England, the joint-stock and private banks, and the discount houses and bill-brokers. The directors of the Bank of England, seeing that trade was depressed and speculation in collapse, and that, consequently, unemployed capital was accumulating in all the great financial centres of the world, could not bring themselves to believe that a considerable export of gold would take place. They delayed, therefore, too long to raise their rate of discount, and thus allowed too much gold to be taken from them. Once they acted, it is true, their action was both prompt and decisive; but it would have been well if they had also followed up the advance in their rate of discount by borrowing in the outside market upon Consols. The mistake of the Bank of England Directors, however, was simply an error of judgment; that of the bill-brokers and discount-houses was more serious. They knew that the reserve of the Bank of England was too low; they were quite aware that credit has received a shock, and they fully understood the importance, therefore, of replenishing the Bank of England reserve; yet they deliberately competed for bills so blindly and keenly that they defeated the action of the Bank of England by making it unprofitable to bring gold from abroad. The bill-brokers and discount-houses, however, could not have done this had they not been supported by the joint-stock and private banks, and upon these latter, therefore, the most serious blame rests for what has occurred. The bill-brokers and discount-houses, as a rule, carry on their business by means of money borrowed almost entirely from the joint-stock and private banks. When they discount bills they usually reckon upon being able to re-discount them at the joint-stock and private banks with a profit to themselves. Therefore, they could not have gone on competing for bills and forcing down rates unless the joint-stock and private banks had re-discounted the bills on such terms as seemed to the bill-brokers and discount-houses to give them a reasonable profit. But the blindness of the joint-stock and private banks is even more unaccountable than that of the bill-brokers and discount-houses, and therefore more blamable. When their last balance-sheets were drawn up, the London joint-stock banks held, in round numbers, about 145 millions of deposits, and at the same time their total cash in hand and at the Bank of England was considerably under 16½ millions. Therefore, the banks taken altogether held in unemployed cash only about 11 per cent. of their deposits. In other words, when their last balance-sheets were made up, had the whole of the depositors required back their money, the banks would have been able to give them only about two shillings in the pound, assuming that they withdrew from the Bank of England the whole of their balances there lodged. But in truth they could not withdraw the whole of their balances from the Bank of England, for a large part of those balances are intended to meet Clearing House demands upon them; and, therefore, unless the Clearing House were to come to a standstill, the balances at the Bank of England could not be all used. In actual fact, then, the banks held in cash less than two shillings in the pound of their deposits when their last balance-sheets were made up. Of course it is not probable that a run upon all the

banks would take place at the same time; but nevertheless it is well to see what cash the banks hold to meet a great emergency. The joint-stock banks, in truth, hold only as much cash as is necessary to meet their everyday requirements. Their reserves are really held in the form of investments. They hope that if the occasion were to arise they would be able to sell Consols and other investments, or, at the worst, that they would be able to borrow upon them at the Bank of England. But in case of an emergency which would compel all the banks at the same time to strengthen their cash reserves, it is obvious that sales of Consols could not take place, for there would be nowhere unemployed balances upon which to draw for the purpose. Therefore, in case of such an emergency, the joint-stock banks would have to depend upon the Bank of England alone, as there alone is held a reserve of unemployed cash. The condition of the private banks we are unable to state because they publish no balance-sheets; but we are justified in assuming that they do not keep idle a larger proportion of their resources than the joint-stock banks do. And we know that in the matter of reserves the discount-houses and bill-brokers are even worse off than the joint-stock banks. Practically, then, the only reserve held in the United Kingdom is that of the Bank of England; and the joint-stock and private banks are, therefore, as much interested as the Bank of England itself in maintaining that reserve. It is, in fact, their reserve as much as the reserve of the Bank of England. The Bank of England holds this week in coin and notes a little over 11 millions, being about  $39\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of its liabilities. Therefore, if the Bank of England had to think only of its own safety, it has a sufficiently large reserve. But the Bank of England, as we have just shown, has to think of the safety of the whole money market; and therefore the reserve it holds is entirely too small. It clearly, then, was the right policy for the joint-stock and private banks to support the action of the Bank of England, and thereby enable it to attract gold from abroad and put it in a position to meet whatever contingencies may arise. The joint-stock and private banks, however, instead of doing this, seized the opportunity to underbid the Bank of England. They left it to bear the brunt of an expensive operation, and took away from it business by lowering the rates of interest and discount, thereby continuing a state of things which keeps alive apprehension and anxiety.

It will be seen that the whole of the mischief arises from the peculiar constitution of our money market. A single bank has come to be regarded as the keeper of the reserve for the whole United Kingdom; and the other banks, though equally interested with itself, think themselves free to employ all their resources not absolutely required to meet their everyday engagements, leaving to the single bank alone to keep a large sum unemployed, and therefore earning no interest. The most satisfactory remedy would be a change that would compel the whole of the banks to keep sufficient reserves for themselves. But it is difficult to see how this can be done. The directors of joint-stock banks may perhaps recognize that it would be very desirable; but, if they were to keep large sums unemployed, their profits would be diminished, and they would consequently be able to pay smaller dividends to their shareholders. Thus, before they could keep adequate reserves, the directors of the joint-stock banks would have to persuade their shareholders that it would be a safer and more expedient course to give up part of their incomes for that purpose. It would be an extremely difficult thing to persuade the majority of shareholders of this; and, in any case, it is hardly a thing we can expect directors to undertake. Each Board is anxious to show that it can do better than other Boards, and none likes to take the responsibility of diminishing their business and cutting down their dividends. The private banks, it is true, are more independent; the partners have only to consider themselves. But then the world knows nothing of the reserves kept by the private banks; and, even if they were to increase those reserves, the example would have no effect upon other banks. We fear, therefore, that a reform of this kind initiated by the directors of the joint-stock banks is utterly hopeless, for the present at least. We have to fall back, then, upon another remedy which has often been suggested—namely, that the Bank of England should insist upon the joint-stock and private banks keeping with it larger balances than they do at present. But here again rises the difficulty—How is the Bank of England to effect this? As a matter of fact the joint-stock and private banks now contend that the reserve kept by the Bank of England is really theirs. For Clearing House and other purposes the joint-stock and private banks keep balances with the Bank of England, and in return they expect the Bank of England to keep the reserve of the country. To all remonstrances, then, by the Bank of England on the score that the balances are too small, the joint-stock and private banks would reply that without those balances the Bank of England would have no reserve at all. The reply, in reality, is irrelevant. The balances at the Bank of England are deposits, and the Bank of England is free to work with those deposits, as the joint-stock and private banks do with their deposits. In other words, if the Bank of England were to follow the example of the joint-stock and private banks, it would employ in lending and discounting all its deposits except such a proportion as is absolutely required to carry on its ordinary business day by day. It does not do so. It keeps a large sum totally unemployed, and therefore it pays to its shareholders much lower dividends than the great joint-stock banks do. It is not true, then, that the reserve of the Bank of England is



really furnished by the joint-stock and private banks. It is kept by the Bank of England, and is, in fact, an evidence of self-abnegation on the part of that institution and its shareholders. But although this is true, it is extremely difficult for the Bank of England to compel the joint-stock and private banks to increase their balances; and we fear, therefore, that a reform in the constitution of the money market is for the present hopeless. It will not be effected until some crisis occurs seriously to alarm the whole market and enable a strong man to carry out some effective measure.

#### BERLIOZ'S FAUST.

THE more one studies the most popular of the many masterpieces of the great French musician—"cette magnifique *Damnation de Faust*," as M. Gounod calls it—the more one marvels and likes, and the more one discovers to admire. There is lovelier music in the *Roméo et Juliette*; there are greater aims and larger effects in the *Messe des Morts*; there is nobler drama in the *Troycens*, with a loftier style and a simpler perfection of technical inspiration and achievement. But in variety and completeness, in movement and romance, in life and colour and charm, the *Damnation* is unrivalled, not only among the works of Berlioz himself, but, as it seems to us, by anything produced by the masters of symphony since Beethoven. The emotion is not, perhaps, of the highest quality; the drama is not, perhaps, of the finest order. But both are eminently human; and both are so brilliantly, so perfectly presented, as to be absolutely irresistible. It is all so picturesque and vivid, so bold and novel, so full of contrast and so full of life, that not to feel is as difficult as not to admire. If you are not easy to please on the score of passion, the master conquers you with his devilry and his wit; if you are in no humour for the company of fays and sylphs, he is ready with such a band of elves and will-o'-the-wisps as are not elsewhere to be found in music; if the profound religious sentiment of his picture of Eastertide is not to your taste, he falls back on the tremendous setting of the "Raköcsy March," and you surrender instantly; if you refuse his commentaries on the "King of Thule" and the lament of the betrayed and forsaken Gretchen, he offers you such a serenade as might well have been invented and scored by Mephistopheles himself, the original Mephisto, the hero of the famous visit—"Von Zeit zu Zeit seh' ich den Alten gern," and all the rest of it; if you will none of his soldiers' rounds, and none of his ribald fugues or his students' madrigals either, he will give you an "Invocation of Nature," scored as by Beethoven himself, and touched with a passion scarce less lofty than Beethoven's own; and if all these devices (and innumerable others) fail to please, he will gallop you down through the abyss, plunge you into the very Pit, and seat you in revel with the Princes of the Air. And throughout, if you care for none of these things, throughout he gratifies and amazes you with a display of *maîtrise*, a combination of technical accomplishment and what may be called technical imagination, unequalled in modern art. The ideas expressed may not be exactly, in their way, Beethovenian or Handelian; the sentiment with which they are informed may be the reverse of transcendental. But the method, at least, is perfection. The poet may make mistakes; the artist is well nigh faultless. Not an instrument but has a life and a function of its own; not a phrase but finds expression absolute in colour and form. There is an inexhaustible variety of invention; and the justness and delicacy of the master's innumerable combinations are not less surprising than the union of tact and daring by which his whole achievement is inspired.

The advantages of familiarity with such a work are obvious. But familiarity has its disadvantages as well. As we learn, we grow critical; and the more learned we become, the more we ask of our interpreters, and the less satisfied we are with their results. Such an interpretation as in the beginning passed with applause is in the end found wanting in essentials and is either damned with faint praise or condemned without appeal. The last performance of the *Damnation* at the Albert Hall is a case in point. Mr. Barnby is improving rapidly. He is not, and can never be, a centre of inspiration; but has plenty of intelligence, a good musical sentiment, and not a little of the true capacity of command; he attacks with vigour and decision, he leads with a certain spirit, he is lavish yet careful in his distribution of light and shade. Last Wednesday, with a band and chorus of a thousand under his baton, he struggled valiantly with one of the richest and most complex scores in modern music; and his success, albeit only partial, was extremely honourable as far as it went. As long as he was dealing with his orchestra alone, the *Damnation* went very well indeed, especially in the earlier parts. The band is a good one, individually and collectively; the musicians know their author; and in Mr. Barnby they have a conductor who has worked hard at his Berlioz, and done his best to make the master popular. The male choruses went well likewise; especially the "Amen," the tremendous phrases allotted to the Princes of Darkness, and the choral recitative of the Epilogue. The weakness was in the female choir, which was very unsteady in attack, and whose indecision and want of unanimity reduced the choice parts in which it had a principal share—the "Easter Hymn," the "Chorus of Sylphs," the "Apotheosis"—to a state of confusion not to be remembered without resentment or discussed without emotion.

Mlle. Valleria was the Margaret; she has greatly improved of

late, but she sang as one not understanding her music. The Faust was, as usual, Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was, as always, Mr. Edward Lloyd—earnest, intelligent, painstaking, a trifle cold and unimpressive. M. Pyatt was the Brander; the Mephisto was Mr. Barrington Foote. Among Berlioz's eccentric rhythms and diabolical inventions Mr. Foote was very honestly not at home. He sang his Mephisto as a sprightly Puritan as to the spirit, and as to the letters as one to whom phrasing is unknown and all phrases are born free and equal. He was subjected to the honours of an encore for his rendering of the Serenade, wherein he was at the orchestra's heel throughout. On the second occasion, Mr. Barnby "slowed down," and the Mephisto "hurried up," so that Mephisto and the orchestra changed places, "que c'était moult plaisant à voir." Still, Mr. Barrington Foote did honestly do his best, and will no doubt show some of the improvement for which there is so much room.

#### TINGÉ.

SOME weeks ago we improved the occasion with an account of the Games of Savages. These diversions are usually played at, as we showed, with very simple and elementary materials. A blown-up kangaroo bladder, or a skin stuffed with soft kangaroo fur, is all the natives had by way of football in a country where, since civilization entered, success at football has qualified men for a seat in the Legislature. We are now enabled, by the kindness of the Rev. W. H. Sewell, to introduce to a cultivated people the noble sport of Tingé.

Tingé is a dance game, and our correspondent, *si parva licet componere magnis*, would liken Kindergarten dance-songs to Tingé. As children are, scientifically speaking, in the savage state, as they will be found to have their own fetichisms and original system of myths, it is very natural that their games should resemble those of savages, in all, of course, except the savagery. Tingé "requires considerable activity and skill," and to observe this game, in which he did not take a hand (or rather a foot), was a favourite entertainment of Bishop Steere, well known for his *Tales from the Swahili*. Prizes for excellence in Tingé have also been awarded by our Consul-General Sir John Kirk. That Tingé may not remain as mysterious as the pastime named Spouf, occasionally alluded to in the sporting press, we give our correspondent's account of Tingé as it is played under the Z.T.O., or Zanzibar Tingé Club; the M.C.C. of these benighted but yet hopeful districts.

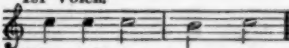
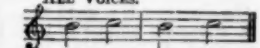
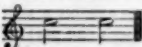
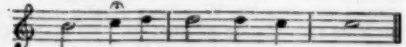
Under the wing of an umbrageous tree, some twelve to eighteen men range themselves in equal numbers, in two opposite lines about three yards apart, thus:—

SAWA (i.e. even) SIDE			KENGSA SIDE	
(men)	(11a)	X1		(men)
11b			X2	
11c			X3	
11d			X4	
11e			X5	
11f			X6	
11g			X7	
11h			X8	
11j			X9	
11k			X10	
11l			X11	
11m			X12	

The game consists in a man (while clapping his hands and dancing to a song) causing his opponent to form with his legs either "Kengsa," a posture which resembles the capital letter X, or "Sawa," another posture resembling figure 11. Two positions of the legs are considered to form Kengsa X, when both the right legs or when both the left legs of the two opposed combatants are in advance. The two positions also of the legs form Sawa (11)—namely, when the opposite legs of the two opposed combatants are in advance.

#### FIRST STEP ("SONGA").

The game is begun by one of the sides asking "Which will you have—Kengsa X or Sawa 11?" According to the choice made, all the men on the one side or the other try for Kengsa or for Sawa. Two players at the ends of the lines, 11a and X1, then advance clapping their hands, dancing and singing the following Swahili words to the simple air and chorus here indicated:—

1ST VOICE.	ALL VOICES.
	
Mki-si-Ki-a ngo-ngo-ngo,	Ah-he! Ah-he!
When you hear knock knock,	All right! All right!
1ST VOICE.	ALL VOICES.
	
Ngo-ngo-ngo,	Ah-he! Na mla-ngo msi-funge.
Knock, knock,	All right! And shut not the door.

(The voices of the men in Zanzibar are treble and shrill, like those of our boys.)

The advanced player on the 11 side then tries to make his opponent form X. If his opponent on the X side is unawares caught allowing his legs to form 11 (i.e. putting forward his leg opposite to the leg of his opponent) he is beaten. The winner then turns round to his next partner, and tells him in a recitative of his victory, while the next opponent on the vanquished side comes forward.

So the game goes on till either the 11 or the X side wins; and then the winning side counts one, and begins the game again, but backwards.

If the 11 side wins a second time, it counts two; and so on till one side has made 7, which is the game.

## FOR THE SECOND GAME.

X and Y change sides.

This is the game that may often be seen played in Zanzibar with the utmost zest.

Such is the Zanzibar game of Tingé, and in a hot climate it must afford quite as much exercise as is desirable. The players probably are not in the uncomfortable position of men who have to play lawn-tennis in tall hats and frock-coats at garden parties. We may assume that they are but lightly clad. Tingé is calculated to give the native amateur all the pleasure of a game and a ballet, with recitative combined, and deserves the encouragement of the missionary and the attention of the anthropologist.

## THE THEATRES.

THE process of adapting French plays for the Criterion Theatre is not far removed from an exact science. Certain features are indispensable in the original, and to suit them to the English stage they have to be manipulated in a certain way. It is not necessary to describe the system at length, for every student of the drama may work it out for himself. If any English dramatist were to turn out a model Criterion play, there would doubtless be the makings of a Palais Royal piece in it. Details which are glossed over in England would have to be plainly set forth; it would be necessary to alter the relations of characters, but the foundation of the piece would be there. It was not, however, at the Palais Royal, but at no less a house than the Théâtre Français, that the original of *The Candidate* was discovered. Notwithstanding the august spot where *Le Député de Bombignac* was first given (May 28), it was impossible to see M. A. Bisson's comedy without immediately being struck by the idea that here was a piece after the peculiar Criterion model. To speak of "the original" of this composition is perhaps to provoke argument. *The Candidate* may be traced back for a great many years through various dramatic works. There is about it a very strong suggestion of *The Serious Family*, which owed its origin to M. Bayard's *Le Mari à la Campagne*. This, again, owes much to Murphy's *Way to Keep Him*, but, again, there is reason to suppose that Murphy drew his inspiration from a French source. The genealogy of *The Candidate* need not be discussed. It answers its purpose, and is a sufficiently smart piece of its kind, questions of good taste aside. The practice of satirizing notorious politicians under thinly-disguised names is one which might very easily be carried to mischievous excess. It is not to be encouraged. In *The Candidate* Lord Oldacre is invited to stand in the Conservative interest for the Radical borough of Easthampton, by which of course Northampton is figured, just as in M. Bisson's play the Comte de Chantaleur stands for Bombignac as a Legitimist. Oldacre wants to run up to London for a purpose which has no offence in it, and he sends his Radical secretary, Baffin, to personate him at Easthampton. Baffin—personating Oldacre—is returned, not as a Conservative but as a Radical, to the horror of the family. In the French, Pinteau is returned for Bombignac, not as a Royalist but as a Republican, and the motive which induces Chantaleur to escape from home for a fortnight may be briefly described as French. A great deal of praise which rightly belongs to M. Bisson has been showered on the anonymous adapter of *The Candidate*. The Criterion play is neatly constructed and smartly written, but the neatness and smartness are due to the author of *Le Député de Bombignac*. The good things which have been quoted in many papers are his good things. Not seldom the English dialogue is of the weakest. "Well done, Oldacre!" some one observes. "That sounds like Scripture!" is the comment of one of the characters; but the audience laughed, as they did heartily, when, referring to the majority of votes by which Oldacre is supposed to have been returned, somebody makes the foolish remark, "A lord ought to be able to score 100. A billiard-marker can do that!" Much of M. Bisson's dialogue is, however, well treated, and the very best is made of every line, by Mr. Charles Wyndham chiefly, very ably seconded by Mr. George Giddens and Miss Kate Rorke. Mr. Wyndham plays the part which M. Coquelin filled in Paris, and as the great French comedian caused the production of the comedy at the Français—a remarkable rise for M. Bisson, who had been devoting himself to the Cluny Theatre—it will be guessed that the character is a good one. Oldacre's sufferings at the hands of a stringent mother-in-law, his delight at escape, his volatile method of overcoming obstacles, the ingenuity of his resource when his deceptions begin to be made plain, are all points which Mr. Wyndham precisely understands how to emphasize. His great merit is that he never over-emphasizes. In his most boisterous moments Mr. Wyndham usually contrives to exhibit a still delicate appreciation of humour. He dashes through the part of Oldacre with an ease and spirit which are very exhilarating. Mr. Giddens is not less successful as the secretary, a friend as well as an official, who, in spite of his staunch Radicalism, intends conscientiously to serve his patron till the behaviour of the Radical mob induces discretion. It is in reference to this episode that the attempt is made to extract capital from Northampton politics. A species of Dr. Cantwell, called Barnabas Goodeve, is introduced prominently, though without any very obvious motive. The exponent is Mr. Blakeley, who is given to exaggerating a natural quaintness of manner to undue limits. The *ingénue* part, here called Lady Dorothy Osterley, is very prettily played by Miss Kate Rorke. At the Français M. Bisson's comedy was only a moderate

success. It will have better fortune at the Criterion, as the material which the French author has provided has been served up by an anonymous adapter to the taste of the audience which frequents this theatre.

At the Novelty Theatre a piece called *Lottie* has been produced. The writer had the wisdom not to publish his name, but lacked the wit to preserve the secret of his authorship. *Lottie* has been laid to the charge of Mr. Robert Buchanan, and is said to be a theatrical version—to say a dramatic version would perhaps give an incorrect impression—of a novel by Miss Harriet Jay. We have not had the advantage of making acquaintance with this work, but whatever the novel may be like, it is certain that the play is phenomenally stupid. A couple of weeks since we commented on the habit of stage writers who adopt a standpoint from which they expect their audience to regard their works. *Lottie* is an example. A certain colonel, who is also a baronet, loves an obscure actress. He is summoned to India; before going he begs his sister to receive the actress into his house, and treat her as his affianced wife. To this house the actress, who has a distant resemblance to Esther Eccles, invites her younger sister, a painfully vulgar edition of Polly Eccles, as also the sister's lover, a comic singer from the music halls. We are supposed, however, to sympathize with these very objectionable people. That the Colonel's sister should not seek to further her infatuated brother's marriage into this family, Mr. Buchanan, if he be the author, regards as an outrage deserving of scorn and hatred. While we are fondly congratulating ourselves on the advancement of the stage, the elevation of the drama, it is melancholy indeed to find such a piece as *Lottie* accepted with toleration, even to find episodes received with applause. The judgment of an audience that can listen to a composition like this must be worse than valueless.

At the Royalty MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Tricoche et Cacolet* has occupied the stage during the week. We are quite disposed to agree with the high estimate of this clever comedy expressed in Mr. Brander Matthews's *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*. It is among the best of the many admirable pieces written by the authors of *Frou Frou*. The representation at the Royalty is only moderately good. Spirit and vivacity are not wanting in the performance of MM. Colombe and Schey as the partners in the *maison de confiance*; but there is a lack of finish and a tendency to exaggerate, a tendency that may be excused as slight, but is still enough to prevent complete success. Of course it is very difficult for the principal players to draw the line, especially when some of their comrades have no notion of drawing it at all.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Crystal Palace concert of November 22 was wholly devoted to a performance of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*. The vocalists were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Santley, and the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mr. Mackenzie conducted. An admirable performance was given, and a word of praise must be given to Miss Hilda Wilson for the care and skill with which she sang the difficult and thankless music allotted to her. Mr. Santley was in fine voice, and indeed seems to be recovering the beauty of tone which distinguished him in the earlier part of his career. As to the wisdom of the composer in conducting himself, and thus depriving the band of the help of Mr. Manns, there may be many opinions. Perhaps the composer may be able to indicate his own meaning better than another, though this may be open to doubt; but probably had Mr. Manns been at the conductor's desk, the few slips and accidents which did happen might have been avoided. This work, so recently produced at the Norwich Festival, has lately been heard in London, and now again at the Crystal Palace, so that the musical public must be pretty well familiar with it by this time. An enormous mass of criticism has also appeared, and has probably been read. We may, therefore, now consider the work a little more closely than we did on the occasion of its first production. Further familiarity with the work only confirms us in our former opinion that it is one of high merit and greater promise. We find throughout a determination on the part of the composer to be free, yet free without license. For instance, though his recitatives are all more or less accompanied, he has throughout cast his voice part in the form rather of unaccompanied recitative leading into a short song form than of the modern accompanied recitative; and though, in deference to modern views, he uses the Leit Motiv, or representative theme, freely, yet he controls the trickiness of this method by true artistic feeling, and cannot be charged with avoiding the task of new creation by the mechanical device of combining together old matter. We find throughout a power of producing varied and graceful melodic themes, and the facility in treating them of a well-grounded musician. The leaning towards the so-called modern school has made Mr. Mackenzie write parts for the voice of great difficulty, owing to the unusual intervals of which he makes use; but even this blemish is slight in this work compared with its extent in much of the music of contemporary writers. The three numbers which we noticed when they were performed at the Crystal Palace a few weeks ago are undoubtedly the best in the whole score, and the tenor song, "Rise up, rise up, my love," is a work of an extremely high order of merit. This oratorio has been written and talked about as if it were a great work of a great composer, almost, indeed, as if another *Messiah* or a new *St. Paul* had been added to the



number of oratorios. We doubt whether such a tone is wise, for, in fact, with all its merits, Mr. Mackenzie's work is very far indeed from being fit to take rank with any of the sacred works with which our concert-rooms make us familiar. Throughout—even, indeed, in the beautiful Spring Morning on Lebanon prelude—there is the common defect of the younger composers, an early exhaustion of inspiration, so that towards the end all the long numbers drag and lose interest; and, again, though there is much power of dramatic expression, it is not wide and far-seeing enough, as may be seen in the earlier and more pastoral music, while all is yet happiness; the attempt to preserve dignity in the writing of graceful and pastoral music leads certainly to unnecessary gloom. After all the praise which we are honestly able to give to this composition, it may be wondered why we cannot accept it as a really great musical work. It is almost impossible to put into words the grounds of our hesitation to give it this rank. This can only be done by using two somewhat vague words, and saying that we fail to find in it the signs of true genius, and that often through the work we find a lack of inspiration.

## REVIEWS.

## A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.\*

MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume is less in bulk than is usual with him, but the purely poetical part of it is of considerable value. We say the purely poetical part of it, because there is a poetico-political part in it, of which we shall speak presently, though briefly, and which, after making every allowance proper to be made by those who are in a sense *juges et parties*, we can hardly think of much merit. Of the uncontroversial part of the book not a little is devoted to a series of poems on a sea-side town and its neighbourhood, which town and neighbourhood are understood to be, and, indeed, are easily recognizable as being, the town and neighbourhood of Cromer. The singularly attractive scenery of that still unspoilt watering-place (alas! a new railway is in progress, which will expose it nearly as much as Hunstanton to the cheap trippers), the sense of a sea unbounded, save by the limits of the Polar frost, and the sight of the broken, ravaged coast, which makes up for the lack of height and solidity by its extraordinary variety and tormented outline, seem to have inspired Mr. Swinburne very happily. The medium of expression which he has for the most part chosen is, however, open to some exception. A large proportion of these poems are *ballades* in form. Now we do not think that there is any *primâ facie* objection to the employment of the *ballade* for serious poetry, either of the descriptive or of any other kind. As a matter of fact, the earliest and most numerous *ballades* that we have—those of Deschamps and his contemporaries towards the close of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth—are for the most part serious; indeed, a flippant reviewer (had there been reviewers in those days) might have called them heavy. That the revivers of the form in our own days in France have, as a rule, dealt with it lightly is a mere matter of chance and personal taste. Even their practice is not uniform; nor, if it were, need it constrain any one else. There is, however, another point in reference to which Mr. Swinburne has, we think, been less well advised, and that is the adoption of stanzas composed of very long lines, the latter containing in one instance as many as seven anapaests—that is to say, twenty-one syllables at the outside. The merit and justification of the *ballade* and all its companions—including to some extent the sonnet—has always been recognized by capable judges as this, that the interlaced and recurrent rhymes provide a musical accompaniment, as it were, to the actual words. So that words and music are more fully married than in any unrhymed or any other rhymed form of verse. Now with lines of this enormous length the ear loses the ring of one final syllable before another meets it, and the effect of a specially elaborate form of rhyme is practically exchanged for the effect of blank verse. The following, for instance, and it is by no means the longest-lined poem in the book, is a fine stanza:—

Here begins the sea that ends not till the world's end. Where we stand,  
Could we know the next high sea-mark set beyond these waves that gleam,  
We should know what never man hath known, nor eye of man hath scanned.

Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt like fume of shrines that steam

Breaks or stays the strength of waters till they pass our bounds of dream.  
Where the waste Land's End leans westward, all the seas it watches roll  
Find their border fixed beyond them, and a worldwide shore's control:  
These whereby we stand no shore beyond us limits: these are free.  
Gazing hence, we see the water that grows iron round the Pole,  
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

But its length unquestionably deprives it of some of its concerted effect, and this is still more the case with others. However, the piece from which the extract is taken, "On the Verge," is one of the best of the book, while all its companions of the Cromer series are good poetry and less marked by Mr. Swinburne's besetting sin—the tendency to multiply words unnecessarily—than most of his recent work. Yet it would be uncritical not to notice that this same defect, present in some measure, is undoubtedly the cause of the technical fault above referred to. When one remembers the

\* *A Midsummer Holiday; and other Poems.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

admirable directness and economy of the choruses of *Atalanta*, and of many of the best pieces in the original *Poems and Ballads*, it is impossible not to regret the difficulty in compressing his thought which seems to have come upon Mr. Swinburne of late years.

It is undeniable that this defect reappears in the "New Year's Ode" to Victor Hugo which follows, and though we at least have no objection to almost any amount of literary eulogy on the subject, it must be admitted that a more measured and qualified strain might be better calculated to serve the purpose which Mr. Swinburne has at heart. The truth is, however, that the *ivresse de Victor Hugo* is a specific and distinct form of artificial paradise, known only to those who have entered it, and likely to leave its mark on all of them unless a critical *Mithridate*, of which not many men seem to have the secret, allows them to enjoy the pleasure without paying the penalty. The same fault reappears with less excuse in some lines on Mazzini. To say that "highest of all that Heaven and earth behold" is "Mazzini's name," even if, which the context allows to charitable minds, the competition is restricted to Italian names, is simple nonsense. Royalists and clericals might with rather more justice and as much absurdity apply the phrase to Joseph de Maistre: and the instance will show that we are writing in no partisan spirit. To talk about Mazzini being first in the land of Dante is, to put it plainly, a scandal to letters.

"Les Casquets" (we are glad that Mr. Swinburne has given the proper form) succeeds, and contains some fine verses, but too many for the subject. Then comes a very pretty poem on "Heartsease Country," addressed to the poet's sister, and a charming "Ballad of Appeal" to Miss Christina Rossetti not to forswear poetry—an appeal in which those of Mr. Swinburne's readers who are most competent will most heartily join. Persons who are or wish to be cynical have objected to Mr. Swinburne's baby-worship; but their hearts ought to be melted by the "Cradle Song" on a well-known rhythm of Blake's. We do not know whether the three sonnets on "Pelagius" are specimens from a collection celebrating all the heretics; but, if it be so, Mr. Swinburne will surely not be able to allow three a piece if he means to deal with the whole noble army from Cerinthus to Mr. Voysey? The "Bicentenary of Corneille" would have been better if the poet, as he surely might have done, had abstained from dragging in the superiority, as it seems to him, of M. Victor Hugo. We say nothing on the point of criticism, but the point of taste is clear. The noble series "In Sepulchretis," marred a little as it is here and there by Mr. Swinburne's tendency to verbiage and to violence, more than redeems this. We give the first and best of the poems:—

It is not then enough that men who give  
The best gifts given of man to man should feel,  
Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel:  
Small hurt the worms may do them while they live—  
Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may forgive.  
But now, when death and fame have set one seal  
On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory kneel,  
Men sift all secrets, in their critic sieve,  
Of graves wherein the dust of death might shrink  
To know what tongues defile the dead man's name  
With leathsome love, and praise that stings like shame.  
Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the mortal brink:  
No rest, no reverence now: dull fools undress  
Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest nakedness.

Neither must we omit to quote three lines at least of "Love and Scorn," three lines which deserve to live:—

O sacred, just, inevitable scorn,  
Strong child of righteous judgment, whom with grief  
The rent heart bears, and wins not yet relief.

That is better than the more epigrammatic phrase, due to we forget whom, "the luxury of scorn," which suggests something unnecessary, if not culpable. Yet some of us may so far differ from Mr. Swinburne as to find very considerable relief in that just scorn for which, perhaps, no days ever gave more occasion than our own. "Strong child of righteous judgment" is admirable, and of such children we trust our quiver may never be empty, though we very much fear that the arrows sometimes have pierced, and will pierce, some of Mr. Swinburne's friends.

This brings us naturally to the political poems, of which we shall say but little, if only for the reason, as has been hinted, that we seem to be the main cause of Mr. Swinburne's anguish. It might have been thought that no one of sufficient intelligence to understand its terms would have dissented from the proposition that an assembly which for eight hundred years has had a main, for more than half the time the main, share in governing England, and which during that period has drawn into itself most of the chief representatives of the political virtues—Wisdom and Valour—which England could furnish, possesses an accumulated treasure of dignity that no individual, however great, could hope to equal. Mr. Swinburne thinks otherwise, and in three sonnets, which he wrote apparently *stans pede in uno*, and several other poems, calls us, and those who agree with us, "worshippers of corn and oil and wine," "lackeys," "souls bestial by birth,"

Penmen that yearn as they turn on their pallet  
For the place or the pence of a peer or a valet,

&c. &c. As a matter of fact, the chief penman we ever heard of who slept on a pallet was M. Victor Hugo. He also, oddly enough, once occupied the place of a peer, but Mr. Swinburne can hardly mean him. However, it skills little talking politics with Mr. Swinburne. Poets have rarely been deacons in that craft, indeed, except Shakespeare and perhaps S. T. C., we really cannot think of any English bard who ranks very high as a politician. The curious thing is that Mr. Swinburne, when

he comes to write politics, writes such lines as "No man shall be lord of us reckoned," an inversion scarcely worthy of a hard-up contributor to an evening's crambo. Mr. Swinburne need hardly be reminded that, although inversion of this kind is an admitted poetical license, it ought to be used with strict care not to produce by it an apparent construction which is not the real one. Now "No man shall be lord of us" is complete and grammatical sense by itself, and the reader or hearer has already digested it when he is brought up by "reckoned," and made to construe the sentence quite differently.

But enough of this. Let us end by quoting a most charming *in memoriam* on the late Mr. Doyle, which could not have been better done in form, and whereof all good people will heartily accept the matter:—

A light of blameless laughter, fancy-bred,  
Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,  
Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain to weep  
Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.  
Weep, elves and fairies all, that never shed  
Tear yet for mortal mourning: you that keep  
The doors of dreams whence nought of ill may creep,  
Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed.  
Let waters of the Golden River steep  
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy-red  
And murmuring of Hyblean hives be deep  
About the summer silence of its bed,  
And nought less gracious than a violet peep  
Between the grass grown greener round his head.

The words of the political Mercury may be harsh and blundering as they like, but they will not deafen us to the sweetness of such songs of Apollo.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

IN *The White Witch* the heroine, Mary Dixon, has been trained for the stage. Moreover, it is the stage of opera; so that she is not perhaps to be counted an actress at all, but only one of the many young persons with a glorious voice and an incomparable method who are obliged by your average novelist to do duty as great artists in *esse* and distinguished public characters in *posse*. By this device, as has often been remarked, the hero is made perfectly happy; he is the husband of one who might be the fashionable type of heroine if she would, but who prefers to keep the middle course, and remain, for all her gifts, a simple British female. This would be the case with Mary Dixon, if she were not, as she is, a suffering and innocent impostor into the bargain. She is the "White Witch" of the author's title, and her past and she are enveloped in mystery. To the naked eye she is a very pleasant, soft-spoken, high-spirited, and highly-gifted girl, daughter of a certain comely widow, and, by the operation of that lady's second marriage, step-daughter of Mr. Mayne of Croxham Abbey. But it is her fortune not to be altogether what she seems, and also to seem what she is not, and, by virtue of this capacity, to give rise to many complications and play fast and loose with many ties and traditions. Her arrival at Croxham Abbey is preceded by certain circumstances which, to Godfrey Mayne, the son of the house, are calculated to awaken suspicion; and there is afterwards such a game of hide-and-seek—of mysterious avoidances, wild cross purposes, strange noises, and inexplicable behaviour generally—that Godfrey's suspicions become dark and desperate indeed. As they implicate his step-mother and step-sister, it is not to be wondered at if he attempts to substantiate them; as *The White Witch* is a three-volume novel, it is not surprising if he is baffled at every turn, or if, from anger and doubt and resentment, he is presently converted to credulity and love. It must be confessed that he has a hard time of it. First of all, there is that difficulty with Sir William Hunt, an esteemed neighbour. At Rome Sir William has lost his only son, by the assassin's knife. Now the murder is a mystery; but it is known that the victim and the victimizer have been associated with a certain Mrs. Lang, a widow, and her daughter, a girl with a glorious voice; it is certain that Mrs. Mayne has been a widow, and that Miss Dixon is a wonderful singer; it is seen that both Mrs. Mayne and Miss Dixon have their reasons for refusing to meet Sir William Hunt, and are covered with confusion by the very mention of his name. Nor is this all. It is soon made evident that Godfrey, Mary, and Mrs. Mayne are all of them participants, conscious and the reverse, in a first-class mystery. A detective (do not be too sure that he is a detective) appears in the neighbourhood in Sir William's interest, and instantly there begin to be tremendous doings o' nights at the Abbey. There are continual alarms and excursions; windows are opened, footsteps are heard, and hand-marks are seen; suspicious noises are frequent enough to be a common nuisance; and in due course it becomes evident that the detective is no ordinary man. He has a strange and dreadful influence over Mary; he persuades her, in fact, to leave Croxham with him as his wife, and when Godfrey interrupts the performance, he makes no sort of ado about shooting Godfrey at sight. Who is he? What are his relations with the lovely and high-souled Dixon? and what, oh what, is the secret of their connexion with Mrs. Mayne? That is the mystery; and it is a mystery we do not purpose to divulge. The book is very far indeed from being

faultless; but it is so very much better than most of its kind that we shall reveal no more about it. The characters have an odd and pleasing likeness to human beings; the dialogue is by no means all impossible; the incidents are cunningly devised and well presented; but for certain touches of haste and hurry in the third volume, we should incline to rate it high as a piece of story-telling. As it is, though we cannot conscientiously say that it is at all worth remembering, it is well worth reading; and, in this epoch of stuff and nonsense in three volumes, that is something.

Of *Teresa Marlow* there is little to be said save that it is poor stuff from first to last, and that its heroine is theatrical. The author is "by profession a solicitor." Having lived in Spitalfields for five-and-twenty years, he has "become acquainted with many strange and interesting incidents": has known "a vendor of 'hokey-pokey'" who was also "the son of a Cabinet Minister"; has recognized "the daughter of a nobleman separated from her husband" in the person of a lady who makes fancy-boxes for the grocers at Christmas; and is in a position to identify his favourite cabman with "a baronet once famous at Tattersall's." For years this gifted creature "has been accustomed to take midnight strolls, in order to become better acquainted with the ways and doings of his neighbours." On one of these moral tours (we have a "Sentimental Journey"; why not a "moral tour"?), it so happened that he was "disguised in an old monkey jacket, coarse woollen comforter, and battered wideawake," and that he "carried in his mouth the excellent passport of a short black pipe." Thus fortified he dared to adventure his person among the customers of those who go forth at night to sell coffee in Whitechapel. "Quite a flesh field of observation" was revealed to his curious eye; and of this he "did not fail to make the utmost use." In other words, he fell in with a middle-aged gentleman, "dressed in the garb of a respectable costermonger," who is primarily responsible for *Teresa Marlow*. This person, known as "the Arabian Knight," is a kind of philanthropist; he has a lunge of story-telling, and he lets it off upon the miserable East End. Wherever East-Enders do congregate there is the Arabian Knight; there does he fulfil his fearful mission, and indulge in narrative, "representing to them scenes of beauty, skillfully setting forth the loveliness of virtue, the hideousness of vice, and implanting in their minds dim suggestions of a happier life to come." In *Teresa Marlow* we have a specimen of his art. The book is false and tedious, impossible and also tiresome, preposterously unreal and else incredibly flat, stale, and unprofitable. The heroine begins in the short petticoats of the gay dancer, and ends (after refusing a baronet in lawful wedlock) "in the becoming blue serge adopted by the Bishop of Wapping's East London Deaconesses." The good hero is a gentleman in virtue and spectacles, who is twice abducted and held in captivity by his bold bad brother. The wicked hero is the bold bad brother in question, who not only "drinks and sweirs, and plays at cards," but entertains Teresa in guilty splendour, not only maltreats his poor wife, the haughty Lynette (*née* Dombtrain), till he drives her into seclusion in the mystic East End, but "carries on all round" to such an extent that in the end his pate is fatally cracked by Teresa's papa (a mad old gentleman, with a passion for the Hebrew Prophets and the dancer's art), just as he is in the act of attacking his noble brother with a revolver. It is darkly hinted that the Arabian Knight and the good hero are one and the same person. If this be so, the fact that the Knight is yet alive and story telling is such a reproach upon the many virtues of the East End as really passes condemnation. Where is the Bishop of Wapping? and where his Deaconesses? What is come of the valiant spirit of Bill Sikes, and Tim the Grecian, good at need, and precious Mr. Riderhood? and why remains the common enemy at large?

There are few worse books in fiction that we know of than *The Doom of Doolandour*. To begin with, it is close on twelve hundred pages long. Now, we take it that a novel of that length is necessarily and inherently an offence—*artis contra naturam*. To be forgiven at all, it must be good from end to end, like *Don Quixote*, like *Clarissa Harlowe*, like *Tom Jones*, and the epic of the Musketeers. *The Doom of Doolandour* is not only unreadable, but incomprehensible; and over twelve hundred pages of incomprehensibility is a large order. To make head or tail of the *Doom* is indeed impossible; compared with it the history of a rabbit-warren were as a mathematical demonstration for interest and logical sequence alike. It contains so many tedious and unmeaning incidents and so many unnatural and tedious characters, that after reading it you feel as though you had just gone through the wards of Bedlam. It is possible that it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; but we should not like to swear to so much. That it is the result of an attempt to imitate "the Divine Artificer" and the Roman Mosaic-worker seems certain; the author says so, and says, moreover, that under these circumstances "the romancer, after imitating both imperfectly, calls his whole the Mosaic of Life." But beyond that we know nothing; we have read, and we know nothing. We remember, as in a dream, an interminable plain of bad English; an actress—another actress!—whose favourite part is Constance in *King John*, but who is compelled by the necessities of her calling to play the Queen of the Peacocks in the Easter pantomimes; a general who "joins his regiment"; a sort of Calverley, a kind of Joscelyn, a species of Poingdestre, a curious swarm of Major Muckejaws, and Colonel Sir Patrick St. Rules, and Dr. Worrits, and Alysson Gilderoy, and Blanche Mayflowers, and Abbé Deodatos, and Sir Marmaduke Brandsons; a vast deal of harmless, unnecessary French and Italian; and enough moralizing and

\* *The White Witch*. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

*Teresa Marlow, Actress and Dancer*. By Wynter Frore Knight, B.C.L. 3 vols. London: Wyman & Sons. 1884.

*The Doom of Doolandour*. By Mrs. Frederic West. 3 vols. London: Wyman & Sons. 1884.



soliloquizing to furnish forth a round dozen of ordinary three-volumeers; and that is all. The rest is uncertainty and mere delirium. One reads, one rages, one strives to be patient and humane; and the upshot is that one has to recall the examples of Dickens, Balzac, Thackeray, Fielding, Richardson, Dumas, Walter Scott, and Cervantes to remember that fiction is not necessarily mere midsummer madness.

## VICO.\*

THE author of the *Scienza Nuova* was unquestionably gifted with a powerful imagination, as well as with a remarkably comprehensive mind; and yet the chief interest of his speculations, at least in that field which his *magnum opus* may be said to have opened, lies in their influence upon his successors. The most valuable contribution which Professor Flint is likely to offer towards a just estimate of Vico's services to science will, therefore, probably be made in the second volume of *The Philosophy of History*, where the venturesome Italian will be assigned his proper place as the precursor of many of the great French and German writers discussed in the first volume. And so not only with regard to the general conception of history unfolded by Vico, but also as to particular points or passages in his argument. What is the relation, if any, between his idea of historic cycles and Herder's belief in human progress through revolutions? Is there any harmony, or is there not rather a radical difference, between the points of view from which he and Montesquieu severally regarded the beginnings of an established social community? In what measure did Vico's notions concerning the heroic age of Greece and its poet, or as to the credibility of early Roman history, anticipate the advance definitely marked by the labours of Wolf and Niebuhr? Many such questions must suggest themselves for answers more or less complete when the most daring of Vico's conceptions come to be considered in a work of comparative science, which may with impunity neglect his doctrine of metaphysical points and refrain from inquiring too closely into its derivation. In the meantime Professor Flint has done well in providing the English readers of *Philosophical Classics* with a compendious account of the life and labours of a great and generous thinker, whose fame even among his countrymen, and still more among foreign nations, has been only of slow and gradual growth. Already in 1787 Goethe, who perceived in Vico's work "Sibylline divinations of things good and true that some day were or ought to become manifest," declared it "a noble thing for a people to possess such an *Altewater*." The expression, with its gentle touch of humour, is untranslatable; but since Goethe wrote these words at Naples the Italians have shown themselves more and more eager to pay tribute to Vico's venerable name. It is not only that the representative Italian philosophic writers of the present century either were under his immediate influence, or have at least worked in directions which he first essayed to indicate. But he has been claimed as a master by quite opposite schools of thought, and continues to be regarded by all as a national glory. And thus, though it would be difficult indeed to find in the generalizations of his historical philosophy many points of contact with the political aspirations of the period represented by his noble-hearted follower Gioberti, it is possible for his latest biographer to assert that "he has been a powerful living force in the great Italian awakening which this age has witnessed." Outside Italy Vico has been most warmly appreciated in France, where two writers of the foremost rank, though curiously dissimilar in character, Michelet and Mignet, alike addressed themselves to the difficult task of popularizing his principal writings. The Germans have been less forward in testifying to their appreciation of his eminence, congenial though his speculations must have been in their scope, if not in their results, to many of Germany's most illustrious thinkers; but Dr. Karl Werner's treatise, published in 1879, contains probably the most exhaustive account of Vico as a philosopher and man of learning, and is warmly praised by Professor Flint. A very readable essay, not cited by him, was contributed last year (1883) to Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*, by Emil Feuerlein, who seems to have worked independently of Werner. In England the author of the little volume before us has no predecessor of any significance to note.

The editor of this series has probably made up his mind as to the species of English readers whom he has in view; but it must be confessed that, should many of the volumes, in method and manner, resemble that contributed by Professor Flint, the popularity of the collection would be an encouraging sign of the times. With the exception of the chapter on Vico's Metaphysics, there is hardly any part of the subject which would not lend itself to a treatment at least "humanly severe"; but, unlike the same author's larger work, to which we have already referred, this little book is uniformly, and almost perversely, dry. Professor Flint seems so oppressed by the sense of the limits within which he has to confine himself that he dares not cast his eyes beyond; and he religiously avoids the temptation towards here and there lightening his narrative. And yet in some of the earlier passages of his book, before he has, as it were, become keenly conscious of the limits imposed upon him, his style shows a tendency to diffuseness; thus, for instance, he requires half a dozen sentences in order to say that the Neapolitans have always been so changeable that he cannot undertake to describe their character.

\* *Philosophical Classics for English Readers—Vico.* By Robert Flint. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

The life of Vico, for which his autobiography furnishes the principal materials, is, from all points of view but one, a melancholy life; though it may have been in a mood of uncontrollable despondency that he declared himself to have been throughout his days pursued by misfortune. The exception, of course, lies in the fact that to few men it has been given more firmly to believe in the truth and in the ultimate triumph of their discoveries than Vico believed in the certainty of the principle underlying the chief work of his life. The New Science was concerned with the "common nature of nations"; and in this common nature

all knowledge, science, art, religion, morality, political and juridical systems, are originated and developed. This object Vico's mind had now firmly and fully grasped. Now his whole heart might cry Eureka. Now he was confident that posterity would do him that justice which his contemporaries refused. "Since I completed my great work," were his words in 1726, "I feel that I have become a new man. I am no longer tempted to declaim against the bad taste of the age because, in denying me the place which I sought, it has given me time to compose my *Scienza Nuova*. Shall I say it? I perhaps deceive myself, although most unwilling to do so; the composition of that work has animated me with a heroic spirit, which places me above the fear of death and the calumnies of my rivals. I feel that I am seated upon a rock of adamant when I think of that law of God which does justice to genius by the esteem of the wise."

It is needless to say that in the earlier stages of Vico's career there is much that is the reverse of heroic, though he cannot be fairly held responsible for all the self-degradations with which his life abounds. It would not have occurred to him, as it did to Bacon, whom he so deeply revered (he said that Plato was the prince of Greek philosophers, but that a Tacitus was wanting to the Greeks, and that to both Greeks and Latins was wanting a Bacon), to suggest ingenious excuses for "the morigeration or application of learned men to men in fortune." Outward dependence was the condition of his existence; and it was neither ambition nor the desire of wealth and ease which induced him at times to sell something more than the promptitude and facility of his pen. His own researches and speculations were so much out of harmony with the tastes and tendencies of his times that he and his would have starved had he not consented to earn something beyond his scanty pittance as professor by panegyrical rhetoric; for he was unfit for the Bar, which absorbed the energies of so many of his contemporaries in his native city. And yet Professor Flint is, no doubt, correct in saying that "the common conception of Vico as a solitary plant growing out of a dry soil is altogether erroneous." He was born at Naples in 1668, and, with the exception of nine fortunate years (1685-1694), during which he found a country retreat as hospitable, though not as enduring, as that which Hobbes enjoyed at Chatsworth, his whole life was spent in the capital of Southern Italy. His earlier years, therefore, coincided with the conclusion of the long period of Spanish viceroyalty under the houses of Aragon and Hapsburg; he saw the first establishment of the Bourbon power at Naples; and was an eyewitness of the strange collapse of that *Parthenopea conjuratio*, which, in 1701, the Neapolitan nobles formed in the interest of the Emperor Leopold, and of which he afterwards became the historian. Vico's account of this curious episode, which first established relations of goodwill between the populace of Naples and the Bourbons, is described by Michelet as disappointing—a laborious imitation of the oratorical forms of Livy, devoid of any spark of patriotic emotion. Professor Flint tells us nothing further about it; except that it puts in an unfavourable light two of the leaders of the plot, in whose honour Vico was afterwards, on the establishment of the Austrian dominion at Naples, commissioned to compose a couple of epitaphs. The Austrian viceroyalties lasted till 1735, when the struggle of territories and sovereigns at the close of the so-called war of the Polish succession established the Bourbon Charles III. on the throne of the Two Sicilies. Better times now began for Naples, whose judicial and administrative affairs had during the greater part of Vico's life been not far removed from chaos. How strange, and yet how suggestive, it seems that a writer who, at a comparatively early stage of his career, strove to show the unity and constancy of jurisprudence, should have been trained as a lawyer in a community where law was administered according to eleven several systems—the Roman for ecclesiastics, the Langobard in the Royal Courts, mixed up with Norman and Suabian constitutions, with Angevin *capitoli* and Aragonese *prammatiche*, and the specialties or relics of yet other systems. And the swarming *avvocati*, whose business it was to protect the people against the misuse of these heterogeneous laws, might, for any professional condition to the contrary, be absolutely ignorant of them all. In the midst of all this confusion the administration, in matters of finance for instance, pursued its purely arbitrary course, while the Neapolitan magnates acquiesced in the despotism which they had been eager to bring upon their land, and were occasionally attracted even beyond its boundaries by the service of the House of Austria. Such was the case with Antonio Caraffa, whose nephew induced Vico to devote the nights of two years of his life to the composition of the memoirs of the terrible Marshal. The production brought him a thousand ducats, which furnished the dowry of one of his daughters; but he says in his autobiography that he contrived to reconcile the dignity of the subject with the respect due to his prince and that claimed by truth. He must have been hard put to it, for Antonio Caraffa, the hero of this "immortal history," as it was called by Pope Clement XI., was the conductor of those barbarous and, as it would seem, wanton judicial massacres at Eperies (1687) which would have justified the Hungarians in longing for the return of the Turks, and which the Emperor Leopold was himself obliged to stop.

Vico notes what is certainly a curious fact in his literary biography, that it was to prepare himself for this life of Caraffa that he first read the *De jure belli et pacis* of Hugo Grotius; "and he recognized afterwards that he ought to add this author to the three others,"—Plato, Tacitus, and Bacon—"whom he had proposed to himself" as his models or masters.

It was in such times and in such a polity that Vico, in the course of his argument on the succession of forms of government, could arrive at the conclusion that monarchy was most in conformity with human nature, in epochs when reason was most fully developed, and that an eternal law of nature induced nations to repose themselves under this form. Strangely enough—though we need not pause to inquire whether the fact illustrates Vico's theories as to the coincidence of the military and literary greatness of nations—the period of dire misgovernment and national weakness which Naples underwent during the greater part of the philosopher's life was illustrated by what Professor Flint calls a season of "much literary activity, although not of remarkable literary freshness or high literary excellence. . . . As compared with the two generations which preceded it, that of Vico was the subject of a notable literary and scientific revival." But on the literary side proper this revival was of brief endurance, and passed away with the short heyday of the Academy founded by a Spanish viceroy, and with the Spanish government itself. Vico, who had been a member of this Academy, of course remained one of the foremost figures in the intellectual world of Naples, when here, as elsewhere, scientific research gained ground upon the cultivation of letters, although he withstood the renewed current towards Cartesianism and physical science. Outwardly, there can be little doubt but that his life was to the last a hard struggle, relieved by very few windfalls like the biography of the wicked Caraffa. After finally settling in Naples in 1694, he first supported himself by poems and orations *d'occasion*; and in 1697 probably considered himself fortunate in obtaining the professorship of rhetoric in the University at a salary of one hundred *scudi*. For on the strength of this appointment he married a pious but illiterate wife, and reared a family. He set a very high value upon the art or science which he professed, and was naturally on several occasions chosen to deliver the introductory discourse at the opening of the University. Of these orations, most of which have only recently been discovered, Professor Flint judiciously supplements the brief account given in the autobiography; they have, as he observes, a mainly historical value for the progress of Vico's development, but the last of them, entitled *De nostri temporis studiorum ratione*, and intended as a supplement to Bacon's *De Augmentis*, has a peculiar interest as containing the first sketch of that work on *Universal Law* which, in its turn, seeks to establish the theory afterwards applied by Vico to the sciences at large. When, however, shortly after the publication of his two essays on jurisprudence, the comparatively lucrative chair of that science fell vacant at Naples, he was passed over; and he henceforth renounced whatever worldly ambition he may have previously cherished. But his conception of the New Science, and the development he lived to give to that conception, consoled him for his disappointments, and for the domestic afflictions which fell to his lot. Nor was his family life, till an incurable disease prostrated him, wholly without its brighter side in his later days. For a time the talents of his daughter Luisa seem to have promised to rival his own poetical composition; and it is Professor's Flint's opinion that "most of those who knew him thought, there can be no doubt, that his poetry would live when his philosophical compositions would be forgotten." And towards the close of his life King Charles III., who on his accession had magnanimously named the historian of the anti-Bourbon conspiracy of 1701 historiographer of the kingdom, gladdened the old man's heart by naming his son Gennaro, whom he had wished to see appointed his substitute in his chair of rhetoric, permanent professor in his stead. On January 20, 1744, Vico died, as he had lived, a loyal son of that Church with whose doctrines and ordinances it had been his consistent endeavour that his speculations should conform, ever since in his retreat at Valtolla he had, with the aid of Ricardus against the Jansenists, meditated on the geometrical proof of the true doctrine of grace. In his masterpiece he had shrunk from regarding revealed religion as itself subject to the laws of historical development. The place of the Christian Church is in his cosmography a commanding and an absorbing one; in her, as it seems to him, the divine government of the world finds its temporal expression, and in her bosom the course of human history ends—*tibi desinit*. Even the history of the Old Dispensation stands wholly apart from that of contemporary pagan nations, and the records of the people which received it lie outside the range of his daringly sceptical comment.

Genius alone—and genius of rare vigour of wing—could have enabled Vico, in the midst of such surroundings as those which beset him, to rise to his conception of the divine plan of universal history. In this conception, altogether different in kind from the tentative teleology of earlier writers, lies what has justly been called his discovery. To this a long line of great thinkers after him have given in their adherence; nor can it even in these later days be ignored except by those who think that the human race is educated by the operation of material laws. It was, no doubt, a very great misfortune (because only too likely to make his speculations unreadable for a later posterity) that Vico should have found the material of his speculations—history itself—in so bewildering a state of confusion. It needs only to read the complacent summaries of such

a contemporary of Vico's as Bolingbroke to understand what the effect of this condition of things must have been upon such a student as Vico himself. It is clear that he worked with breathless haste in collecting, interpreting, and systematically disposing what he found; indeed, so eager is he to master his materials, that he sometimes anticipates in an earlier treatise what should properly have found place in his later book. This haste also shows itself in occasional historical judgments hardly less crude than some of his astonishing etymological guesses and mythological "explanations." All this is, however, virtually inevitable, and sinks into insignificance even in view of the light which Vico's daring propositions let in upon special points or periods in Greek and Roman history, and which gives a place among the fathers of modern historical criticism to the writer who thought the amours of Mars and Venus the symbolization of a plebeian marriage. Of far greater moment is his unwillingness to admit an influence upon one another of the developments of different nations. On our power of tracing such an influence our hopes of a genuine universal history must largely depend; but Vico shuts his eyes to it in his desire to account for every national development by a regular process rooted in the Divine will. It has also been pointed out, and with undeniable truth, that a survey of history in which the great popular migrations only constitute the period of the return of barbarism must virtually miss the key to most of that so-called "modern history" which followed. Add to this the limitations imposed upon Vico by his religious standpoint, and it is marvellous, not that so much in history should have been misunderstood and misinterpreted by him, but that so much should have been made more luminous. Whether or not his whole view of history errs by neglecting the results of individuality—the work of the heroes of history—and whether or not his doctrine of cycles shuts out any answer to those yearnings without which the philosophy of history is a mere fitting of facts into schemes, are questions which cannot here be discussed. Professor Flint rejects the latter cavil with cheerful confidence:—

It must be admitted that he has not spoken clearly or hopefully regarding the future; but that does not justify the common representation that he believed the future would be a mere dull plagiarism of the past, without any new disclosures of the glory of God and the capacities of man. If he had supposed that the future would merely rehearse the past, he would naturally have had no hesitation in anticipating what it would utter. His whole attitude towards the future seems irreconcilable with the notion that he imagined it would be the transcript of a page which had been already written. His belief in cycles, or *ricorsi*, was, indeed, inconsistent with a belief in continuous progress in a straight line, but not with advance on the whole, not with a gradually aspiring movement; and still less did it imply that any cycle was perfectly like another, and that history merely repeated itself.

#### MEMORIALS OF THE MERIVALE FAMILY.\*

THE wish that books ushered into the world with much loud braying of trumpets might, if ever sent to the printer, at least have been so under the modest conditions of private circulation, is far from uncommon in the breast of the critic when he reflects that he might thus have been spared the thankless task of the reviewer. The contrary prayer that some privately printed book could be made completely *publici juris* is by no means so habitual; so we shall, we trust, be credited with the expression of a genuine approbation when we say that we unreservedly utter that which will not, we hope, be a barren prayer for the publication of Miss Merivale's *Family Memorials*. The name Merivale is one so familiar to contemporary readers in very different branches of literature that it requires to be explained that these Memorials have only incidentally to do with any living owner of an eponym which boasts of forbears of an individuality sufficient to make posterity willing to know more about them. The book is one of divided editorship, for although the title-page only bears the name of Miss Merivale, it is enriched with a biographical preface and illustrative notes by her brother, the Dean of Ely. The Memorials may very distinctly be divided into two parts. We are first introduced to the memoirs by more than one hand, and of curiously different dates and styles, of early Merivales and Katenkamps, a family of German origin into which they married, while they still occupied during the remote days of the mid-eighteenth century the position of social leaders, and as Unitarians, of Dissenters but not Puritans, in Exeter, which had not yet lost the status of a provincial capital. Among other names of less note we are hereby introduced to the mighty race of Baring in its early and modest condition of a prosperity compatible with residence at Exeter. The second part is concerned with John Herman Merivale, lawyer, scholar, and man of general agreeable accomplishments, father as of other children so of the editress and of the Dean of Ely, as well as of that eminent public servant and man of letters, too soon cut off, Herman Merivale. Miss Merivale boldly essays the work so often attempted, and so often failed in, of combining the autobiographical with the biographical form of narrative; and, under the guidance of unaffected good taste, succeeds in gracefully grouping the materials of her narrative.

Mr. Merivale, after a career at Cambridge of literary rather than academic distinction, chose the Bar for his profession, and married at the sensible age of nearly twenty-six, his wife being daughter of Dr. Drury, the famous head-master of Harrow, and sister of that brilliant though rather eccentric under-master who

\* *Family Memorials*. Compiled by Anna W. Merivale. Printed for Private Circulation. Exeter: T. Upward. 1884.



still lives in the recollections of older Harrovians under the affectionate style of "Old Harry Drury."

The particulars of the important ceremony show the wide difference of social usages which has been bridged over within the present century. Saturated as our imagination is with the masterpieces of that transcendental form of literature, the reports of fashionable marriages, it is difficult to imagine that in 1805 a young couple and their friends, the bride being daughter of the head-master of a great school, could have gone to church, some on horseback and the rest in chaises, so disposed that bride and bridegroom occupied the same conveyance, and that the whole party wound up the day with a dinner at the neighbouring inn. We are not at all sure that, if old ways and new ways of marrying were weighed in an impartial balance, the hearty simplicity of our grandfathers and grandmothers would kick the beam.

Thenceforward Mr. Merivale's life was mainly spent in London, where his social qualities and his wide range of acquaintanceship procured for him admission to those parties to which it is very pleasant to receive invitations, and which in the hands of a spritely diarist and a judicious editor make very pleasant reading for posterity. It must not, however, be supposed that the memoir is only concerned with such material matters as dining at home and dining out. We confess that among many very interesting points on which this memoir touches with more or less completeness, we are not the least interested at the confession, made with so much candour, good sense, and sweet reasonableness, of the gradual process of expansion by which Mr. Merivale grew from a Unitarian to a Churchman, and from a Liberal to a Conservative.

Among Mr. Merivale's acquaintances was D'Israeli the elder, whose social peculiarities, viewed in relation to those of his son, are sufficiently amusing. "D'Israeli himself is incredibly—almost ludicrously—dull in conversation, perpetually aiming at something like wit and attempting to tell a story, in which he uniformly fails in a manner burlesque enough to be made a stage character." Mr. Merivale was not favourably impressed with Edward Irving. The conversation turned on "the late prosecution of Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, concerning which Irving avowed he had scarcely read a syllable—a tolerably bold avowal for a man who had undertaken to censure it by name from the pulpit." The pleasant impression which Mr. Merivale derived from the chivalrous Denham of Queen Caroline's "playful and whimsical disposition," stands in marked contrast to the description of her demeanour and appearance which come to us from other quarters, stamped with the apparent particularity of truth.

So passed Mr. Merivale's kindly, active, and energetic life, until its close, with startling suddenness, in 1844, when he was only sixty-four. On the whole it was a very happy one, though he was disappointed in the great object of his ambition, a Mastership in Chancery, his legal reward having been the less important post of Commissioner in Bankruptcy. On the testimony of Lord Houghton he was the best-dressed man in London. The success of his very able family was an unfailing source of interest and pleasure to his affectionate disposition. We are rather surprised that Miss Merivale does not call attention to a pleasant work of which he was joint author, the selected translations from the Greek Anthology, which he brought out in concert with that eccentric scholar Bland, who was graphically portrayed in the Memoirs of Francis Hodgson, and who was more unpleasantly familiar to schoolboys of the older generation by a dreadful little book intended to introduce them to the mysteries of hexameters and pentameters.

#### SOME BOOKS OF PSYCHOLOGY.\*

MR. HUTCHINSON has persuaded himself, and seeks to persuade his readers, of "the unreality, the useless complexity, and the evil effects of orthodox grammatic rules in general." He introduces his subject with an interesting fragment of autobiography. "In his youthful days," he says, "and indeed until quite late in life, the present writer had the same respect that most others have for rules of grammar." Mr. Hutchinson appears, so far as we can follow his somewhat involved style and his rather obscure reasoning, to pride himself on the discovery that grammar is an invention of the human mind, and not part of the necessary order of things. If there are persons who suppose that "two negatives make an affirmative" is a proposition with the same authority as  $-(-A) = +A$ , they may derive instruction from this fundamental doctrine of Mr. Hutchinson's. But we doubt whether Mr. Hutchinson will succeed in turning upside down the common modes of speech by making people say "two man," "some boy," and discard the indefinite article. Mr. Hutchinson's grievances are of a practical, though sometimes of a peculiar kind. Here, for instance, is a "grammatical illusion":—"The directions given to servants or workpeople in the daily affairs of life are constantly couched in terms so equivocal, so inappropriate, so inadequate,

that if they were literally carried out, if the thing bidden were literally done as bidden, the result would often be surprising." We will not detract from the value of Mr. Hutchinson's example by remarking that the thing bidden is rarely done at all; but we may be permitted to point out that the object of speech is to convey ideas, that if the meaning of what is said be understood, its verbal accuracy is of minor importance, and that "servants or workpeople" are not in the habit of indulging themselves in the pleasures of philological analysis. The fact is that this is a book of the true hobby-horsical kind. Mr. Hutchinson tilts, with much satisfaction to himself, at adjectives, which he would get rid of altogether, and parts of speech, which he would materially curtail. His arguments are ingenious, and he has little difficulty in showing that the grammar of a living language cannot be treated in the same way as the grammar of a dead one. But we must confess ourselves sceptical as to the worth of his conclusions. If anybody will turn to Mr. Francis Newman's recent work, called *Christianity in its Cradle*, he may see what would be the result of every one setting up for himself in matters of orthography. Mr. Hutchinson appears to be driven on by a ruthless necessity. "It may be as well," he remarks, in a naive passage, "to note that the attempt alluded to on p. 10, as made by the present writer to teach his daughter the orthodox grammar, ended in teaching her, in substance, what is here advocated, and that in the process not the slightest hitch or real difficulty was realized." Our compliments to Miss Hutchinson, and perhaps she will explain to her father that, whatever may be good English, *par excellence*, on p. 12, is certainly bad French. We should be sorry to say that Mr. Hutchinson, like Mrs. Squeers, was "no grammarian"; but we fear that adjectives will survive his assault, considering all the ill-usage which they have with impunity endured.

*Readings in Social Economy* is a very unpretending, and at the same time a thoroughly useful little book. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, of the London School Board, has put together for the use of beginners the elementary principles of political economy, and has added to them certain moral maxims which are unquestionably true, if not very novel or striking. This is Mrs. Miller's own account of her subject:—

Social economy deals with man's daily life as it goes on in the world in which we exist. It aims at providing us with information which will be to us something like what a chart is to the sailor. At the same time, we must strive to desire always to do what we ought, because it is of no more use to merely know what we should do, without trying to do it, than a chart would be to the sailor without the compass to guide him. But to know how we should act in many positions in life, and to desire always to do what is right, put together, will make us good and useful members of the human family, and give us our only chance of being personally happy and prosperous.

I know what's right, nor only so,  
But also practice what I know,

as the sacred poet more tersely put it. A work like Mrs. Miller's is scarcely a subject for minute criticism. We can heartily praise its style, which is so clear that any one able to read may understand it. The School Board's Syllabus, from which Mrs. Miller quotes, contains the threefold division of political economy, according as it is concerned with the production, distribution, or exchange of wealth. It seems impossible to remove by any process the popular misconceptions of what political economy means. Even Mr. Froude, in the last instalment of his *Life of Carlyle*, says that, in spite of political economy, there is such a thing as justice. He might as well say that, in spite of arithmetic, there is such a thing as religion. There is probably no more extraordinary instance of the false impressions which may be produced by an unfortunate name. Mrs. Miller is of course aware that economic science is only indirectly connected with politics, and that economy has other meanings besides retrenchment. Her account of labour, capital, wages, and the rest is both clear and sound. The perusal of her modest pages would indeed do much to render impossible such absurd disputes as that which Mr. Henry George recently started about the source of capital and where wages came from. "Wealth, then," says Mrs. Miller, "in the form of tools, machines, buildings, and a store from which to pay labourers, is as essential for production as labour. Labour alone cannot produce wealth with the rapidity and the full return which it gets in civilized communities. Wealth is produced in all its forms among us by the aid of savings from past labour, which are applied by the persons who possess them to the purpose of producing more wealth." If Mr. George had only realised that the essence of productive labour is to produce more than the labourer consumes, that out of the surplus other labour is paid, but that an ordinary labourer cannot afford to wait until he has accumulated capital to live upon, and therefore requires an advance from the capitalist, he might have saved himself a great deal of trouble and fine writing.

Mr. John Masson's most interesting little book has evidently been a labour of love. Mr. Masson is an enthusiastic admirer of Lucretius, as a physicist, a poet, and a man. Of his poetic excellence, indeed, there cannot be two opinions. If the atomic theory were as dead as the geography of Hecateus or the doctrine of Heraclitus about the sun, the *De Rerum Natura* would still exert its remarkable fascination over the minds of its readers. It is probable, indeed, that in all ages since he wrote the popularity of Lucretius has been as great among believers as among sceptics. For one thing, of course, the religion which he denounced as the cause of so many evils, the religion which prompted the sacrifice of Iphigenia, is dead beyond the power of neo-Pagan revivalism to restore it. What Lucretius would have said of its successor

\* *Thought Symbolism and Grammatical Illusions*. By H. Hutchinson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

*Readings in Social Economy*. By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

*The Atomic Theory of Lucretius contrasted with Modern Doctrines of Atoms and Evolution*. By John Masson, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1884.

*A Supplement to the Second Edition of the Methods of Ethics*. By Henry Sidgwick, Lit. D., Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

can only be matter of conjecture. His "rich production makes the glory" of Venus "fly along the Italian fields," and among the Britons on the other side of the world, in lays that have indeed long outlasted her deity. The greatest master among the Romans of the pomp of verse—celebrated, there can be little doubt, by Virgil, and studied, in Mr. Munro's opinion, by Catullus—Lucretius remains perhaps the noblest instance of scientific united with poetic gifts. No book in the world is penetrated with a loftier morality than this most splendid of philosophical poems. Lucretius has extolled the beauty of the intellectual life in lines which have not been surpassed by Virgil or by Milton. He has poured upon the life of indulgence a magnificent scorn more stately than Juvenal's and saner than Carlyle's. How far Lucretius was an original theorist, and how far he was a mere interpreter of Epicurus, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say. We cannot call up Epicurus to speak for himself any more than we can ask Socrates if he accepts what Plato has put into his mouth. We must take the Platonic Socrates and the Lucretian Epicurus, and be thankful that haughty time has been so just. Lucretius himself never claims originality, and labours only, like Plato, for the greater glory of his master. Those who care to compare or contrast the *Memorabilia* with the *Crito* or the *Phædo* will reflect that Epicurus had not his Xenophon. Mr. Masson traces, with great clearness and ability, the influence which the Epicurean theory of atoms has exercised upon modern scientific thought. Gassendi revived it, and from Gassendi it passed to Sir Isaac Newton and to Boyle, the "father of chemistry." The modern atomic theory, as worked out by Dalton, is but an amplification of the discovery which is generally called after the name of Epicurus, but which is sometimes carried still further back, and attributed to the genius of Democritus. There is nothing better in Mr. Masson's book than his chapter on what he calls the "impassable gulf between dead atoms and the world with all its life." Lucretius did not attempt to build a bridge across the chasm. Modern materialism, as is well known, has made the effort, and conceives itself to have succeeded. Mr. Masson's criticism on this point is necessarily brief, and he devotes too much of it to an examination of the controversy which took place some ten years ago between Professor Tyndall and Dr. Martineau. "But," he concludes by saying, "is not the working of the One Power on Matter something more strange and beautiful than we were wont to think? Matter in every shape—from the dead mass throbbing with countless, unseen movements which mind can barely imagine, to the little company of snowdrops hanging their heads where a month before was bare, black ground—is yet more mysterious than before." But Mr. Masson does not confine his examination to the scientific doctrines of Lucretius. He comments also with singular insight on that marvellous combination of thirst for knowledge and love of art in which Lucretius has perhaps had no rival except Goethe. "Lucretius's picture of a river in flood," says Mr. Masson, "is a perfect example of a force at work according to natural law. But it contains also something more—something which we may find in Wordsworth, but for which we might for ever search the pages of the science primers in vain." Another parallel of Mr. Masson's is original and striking. Speaking of Victor Hugo, he says:—"Both he and Lucretius have at command words of the same strange and almost magic potency. Moreover, each of them constantly realizes the utter weakness of man amid the dread powers of Nature. And do not both poets convey to us the same sense of a background of tempest and terror which surrounds our human life?"

O miseras hominum mentes, O pectora cæca !  
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periculis  
Degitur hoc avi quodcumque est !  
En force de marcher l'homme erre, l'esprit doute,  
Tous laissent quelque chose aux buissons de la route ;  
Les troupeaux leur toison, et l'homme sa vertu.

"It is difficult to decide," says Mr. Masson in conclusion, "whether Lucretius is to be viewed primarily as the opponent of Paganism or as a physical inquirer; whether his strongest craving was to pursue science or to cast out the superstitious terror of a false and insufficient creed." In any case, this unpretending work is a great assistance in forming a proper estimate of one of the greatest poems in the world.

In his Supplement Professor Sidgwick has embodied all the important additions and alterations made for the third edition of his well-known book. They are so arranged as to read into the second edition. Possessors of the first edition have, perhaps, some reason to complain of being left out in the cold. No man's second thoughts are more copious or more valuable than Mr. Sidgwick's. His perfect candour and his absolute freedom from avoidable bias in favour of his own conclusions make it certain that he will attach at least their proper value to all assaults upon his published opinions. He states his objects in this case to be "(1) to remove obscurities, ambiguities, and minor inconsistencies in the exposition of my views, which the criticism of others or my own reflection have enabled me to discover; or (2), to treat as fully as seemed desirable certain parts or aspects of the subject which I had either passed over altogether or discussed too slightly in my previous editions, and on which it now appears to me important to explain my opinions, either for the greater completeness of my treatise—according to my own view of the subject—or for its better adaptation to the present state of ethical thought in England." Since his *Methods of Ethics* was first published, Mr. Sidgwick has become Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cam-

bridge, a post for which no man living was better fitted. The thorough, dispassionate treatment of ethical problems which distinguished the book was agreeably accompanied by a style decidedly, and perhaps intentionally, Aristotelian. The present Supplement is full of interesting matter, treated with judicial impartiality.

#### SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.\*

MR. SPEEDY'S book will take its place beside *The Moor and the Loch* on the bookshelves of sportsmen and amateur naturalists. It cannot, perhaps, be said that *Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands* is quite as fascinating, by virtue of description of adventure and incident, as its delightful predecessor. But Mr. Speedy is even a more thorough guide to all that the shooter and angler wants to know north of the Tweed than the author of *The Moor and the Loch*. Taking the advice of Marcus Aurelius, as rendered by Jeremy Collier, Mr. Speedy drives at practice. A more practical manual and guide, more sensible advice about taking moors and forests, about training and breaking dogs, about selecting and using a gun, about arranging drives and working the moors, about salmon and trout flies, and all that pertains to fur and fin and feather, we know not where to find. Nor is Mr. Speedy deficient in the graces of interesting anecdote, as we propose to show by examples. Finally, the woodcuts in the book—studies of grouse and red-deer and river scenery—are often excellent.

Perhaps written counsels, things we read in a book, can never have the value of the experience we pick up on the hills or by the water-side. Few men begin, like Mr. Briggs, to be sportsmen in middle life, and without boyish experience. If any Mr. Briggses there be, they will find Mr. Speedy quite invaluable. But the qualities of the "duffer" are inborn, we fear, and neither advice nor experience can eradicate them. "A rod, the joints of which have proved faulty, a line or cast not adapted to the circumstances, the using of flies or bait incompatible with the season and the state of the lake or river, have each in turn contributed to convert what might have been a day of piscatorial enjoyment into one of worry and dissatisfaction." Only he who has seen the top-joint of his rod slip, and slide down the line, when a salmon had been well hooked, can estimate the conduct of the gilly who did not tie the joints together. Nor is it of much use to blame the gilly, for if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself. However, there are points on which advice may really be of service, for every man lacks experience when he takes his first Highland shooting. He may fancy himself well skilled in the ways of men, but he will probably find the ways of Highland lairds, sheep-farmers, factors, and sporting agents hard to find out. In the first place, Mr. Speedy remarks on the untrustworthiness of advertisements. "It is of vital importance that a personal inspection of the ground, by some experienced and reliable sportsman or keeper, with dogs, be made before the rent or conditions of let are seriously entertained." Don't be led away by promises of "plenty of ptarmigan and mountain hares." Good ground for ptarmigan may mean good ground for the Alpine Club, and may afford capital exercise, and many beautiful views, but it is useless for grouse. As to blue hares, Mr. Speedy says that their numbers have greatly decreased in late years; besides, of shooting blue hares, as of all earthly pleasure, comes satiety. There are many other essential points to be noted, in lodge, kennels, stables, roads, supplies, and so forth. The best moor would give little enjoyment if isolated in a desolate region to which access can only now and then be had, during favourable weather, in boats. Mr. Speedy justly recommends that, in the choice of a moor, "facilities for angling should not be ignored." Mr. Speedy seems to be a hearty all-round sportsman, but we almost fancy his heart is more set on the loch and the river-side than even on the moor or the forest. It is an amiable weakness. He says that "many sportsmen who have no special taste for fishing are apt to undervalue and overlook it. It is after being doomed to the monotony of a shooting-lodge for several wet days in succession that the advantages of a good trouting lake and a few mountain streams are fully appreciated." If he could only have the loch and the sea-trout running up the brown swollen burns; many a contemplative soul would let the deer and the grouse take care of themselves. But by a hard fortune a man cannot often take the fishing, while a stranger who cares not for it rents the forest. The spectacle of man, however peaceful, is odious to the proud and exclusive deer-stalker. As to forests and the glowing fictions of advertisers, Mr. Speedy tells an excellent story. Some men took a Perthshire moor, chiefly because the advertisements spoke of chances of stalking. In May the tenants themselves saw a number of deer on the ground, and fancied that if deer dwelt there in May they would not be absent in September. The enthusiasts bought rifles, set up a target, and practised to their heart's content. Nothing is easier than to hit an iron red-deer about the heart at a hundred yards, it is as simple as breaking the stem of a wineglass with a pistol-shot at fifteen paces. "The glass has not a pistol in his hand," as Considine remarked, and the iron deer cannot make your heart beat audibly, with the sound of a husky pump out of order. But the stalkers soon learned to their dismay that not one deer had been killed on the moor during the stalking season for twenty years. Nature teaches the stage and hinds to withdraw

\* *Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland*. By Thomas Speedy. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.



when stalking begins to carries that gather the wind from every quarter and to places inaccessible. Yet our friends, or some other sportsmen in the same case, did get a good head after all, and in a manner as exciting as it was unprecedented and, we fear, unsportsmanlike. By the way, why did Mr. Browning direct that rhymed apologue of the Highlander who stabbed the stag at sportsmen? The Highlander's conduct was unsportsmanlike in the extreme. To return to our friends, October came, the rutting season began, snow fell heavily. They readily picked out a stag on the white ground and stalked him. He passed at a considerable distance, offering his broad side to the rifles, and four barrels missed him. The stag, bewildered, stood still and gazed about him, was saluted with another volley, and then, catching sight of the enemy, ran away, while bullets were showered on the line of his retreat. All this is horribly irregular and painful to report. There was worse to come. The shooters found, like our men at Majuba, that in their excitement they had not put up their sights to the right elevation. The Southrons determined to follow the stag, and very reluctantly the keeper followed them. They met seven other stags, chased them, and fired at large, from four hundred yards, into a group of four stags. One seemed to be touched on the head or horn, and a certain shooter set off to run after these four. A wilder stern chase was never attempted; but it had its reward. A spent bullet, fired at the leading stag, struck the third one, and brought him rolling down the hill. "Deer-stalking such as we have described will no doubt be condemned as an outrage," says Mr. Speedy. But probably excitement in the wild white hills had reduced the men to the condition of the savage hunter who thinks as little of propriety as Contarini Fleming did of "their laws of mock combat." It is a curious fact, when we remember the agility of deer, that they seldom or never cross the low fences, three feet and a half high, on the Highland Railway. This is the more peculiar, as very high fences are needed to keep red-deer in forest from descending on the grounds near the lodge in winter. Mr. Speedy accounts for the rarity of cast deer-horns (deer shedding their antlers yearly) by the habit of eating their own horns which has been detected in these animals. "If not sought for at shedding-time, pieces of them only will be found, three or four inches long, with the burr end intact, while the marks of chewing are quite visible." Hinds share this curious taste with stags.

As an example of Mr. Speedy's method with dogs (which is not merely "to chain them up and lam them till they quiver like a hapless leaf"), we may quote his manner of curing hen-killers:—

We applied a rather novel cure, which proved most effectual, and would recommend all who may be placed in similar circumstances to adopt it. There was in the hen-house an old bird which was a persistent "clucker," and a positive nuisance by keeping the laying hens out of the nests. We secured the brace of pups with a pair of couples, taking care that the chain was very short. We then tied, with a piece of cord, the old hen to the chain, which by no means relished the company into which she had been involuntarily introduced. She screamed, fluttered with her wings, and extended her legs in struggling to escape. The spectacle was to the humanitarian mind not a very inviting one, and might probably have brought some one into trouble had an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals turned up. The pups concluded that the hen was the cause of their being tortured and tormented; and they in their turn also struggled hard to escape from their unenviable position. After leaving them together for wellnigh half an hour, we liberated the trio. The result was that the hen was for the time being effectually cured of her clucking propensities, and the pups from poultry-hunting.

On fishing, whether for trout or salmon, Mr. Speedy writes in as practical and interesting a style as on shooting and deer-stalking. He has the advantage of knowing both the Highland and the Border waters. The day for the beautiful streams of Southern Scotland has, we fear, gone by. The manufacturers have polluted the waters and poisoned the trout, while the multitude of anglers is simply astonishing. Twenty years ago you might fish all day, and scarcely meet a rival, where now every pool has three or four "weaver laddies" wading deep in it, and wading, too often, just where their flies ought to alight. He would be hard-hearted who grudged laborious men this cheap and healthy amusement, nor do we grudge it while they fish fair. But (not to speak of dynamite) salmon roe, an illegal bait, is freely used with murderous effect. Mr. Speedy describes thus the only too familiar method of the salmon-roe poacher:—

In the early spring of 1881, we visited the Whitadder on an angling excursion. The day was exceedingly cold, with one of those dry piercing east winds so general at that season. On wending our way up the banks of the river, we discovered a somewhat suspicious-looking individual fishing, apparently with the worm, in a splendid pool immediately above Hutton Bridge. After walking up the side of the river for several miles, we put up our rod and fished downwards. Before we again reached the bridge it was wellnigh dusk, and to our surprise we found there the same individual we had observed in the forenoon, standing on the identical spot; and so eagerly and successfully was he prosecuting his deadly work, that we were able to approach within some half-a-dozen yards of him undiscovered. His basket stood upon the grassy bank by his side, full to overflowing with several dozen of splendid yellow trout, and a couple of sea-trout kelts. Being fully aware that his stationary position and his remarkable success could only be accounted for by his using salmon roe as a bait, we remarked that "the trout were taking much better with the roe than they were doing with the fly." He growled assent, evidently indicating that he was aware we clearly apprehended the situation; and recognising that our remarks were made in no unfriendly spirit, he freely entered into conversation with us on the subject. We then learned that, before putting up his rod, he broke down about a couple of ounces of preserved roe, and threw it into the top of the pool, a few yards below where the action of the current had ceased to be perceptible. The effect of this was to attract the fish towards that spot, near to which he had been casting his line for several hours in succession, with the merciless result which we have mentioned.

This is by no means the only, nor even the worst, kind of poaching. Gangs of scoundrels net every pool and stream for many miles round some of the manufacturing towns. Attempts to check this by organizing angling clubs with a half-crown subscription are sometimes denounced as the devices of Tory lairds. Soon there will not be a trout in Teviot bigger than a finger's length. Salmon-poaching with lights and spears is, at least, picturesque. Mr. Speedy gives the following very judicious advice on the topic of the prevention of salmon-poaching, with which we close our review of his useful and interesting volume:—

How salmon are to be protected during the spawning season in the Tweed and its tributaries, is a problem which has long occupied the attention of the Tweed Commissioners; but notwithstanding their several appeals to the Legislature, and the severity of the penalties imposed, they have signally failed to accomplish their end. The penalties inflicted under the Tweed Acts are cumulative and oppressive, while the Commissioners are merciless in their exaction. The fines imposed for illegal fishing, or for having leisters, rake-hooks, or nets in possession, are so enormous compared with those imposed for many other more grave crimes and police offences, and are so anomalous, as to bring the authority of the law into contempt. As an illustration of this, some years ago a young thoughtless farmer was tried in one of the Border towns for discharging a gun at a vagrant Irishman who had paid a nocturnal visit during a moonlight night to his farm-steading. The farmer was convicted, and a penalty of five shillings imposed; while shortly thereafter a mill-worker, who had earned a character for being a notorious river-poacher, had cumulative penalties inflicted upon him to the extent of eighty pounds, including costs. That such a state of things should be allowed to exist is a foul blot on our legislation. If the Tweed Commissioners would have their Acts amended so as to necessitate the taking off the nets a month earlier than at present—and thereby allow anglers on the upper reaches of the river to have an interest in the monopoly now confined to the proprietors of the lower waters—and so as to relax somewhat the penalties for not returning to the river all kelts caught with the rod and fly—we venture to affirm that they would do more to make poaching disreputable, and to protect the fish during the breeding season, than any Act of the Legislature, however rigid its character.

We are much pleased to find that Mr. Speedy opposes the "Hunter's Badge" to be conferred on him who slays a salmon, stag, seal, and eagle. Why kill an eagle? The bird is rare, and, at this rate, will soon be extinct.

#### LOUDON.\*

"COME here, Marshal Loudon," Frederic said, on meeting his old opponent at the Emperor's table, in 1770; "I would rather see you by me than opposite to me." The words were generous, for the King had had bitter experience of the Marshal's skill and determination. How great a soldier Loudon was may be pleasantly learnt from the volume Colonel Malleon has contributed to the series of military biographies. The author's name makes it almost unnecessary for us to say that he has produced a valuable and interesting book. It is no easy matter to write the life of a great general. In order to give an adequate idea of the importance of the part played by the subject of such a memoir, it is necessary to enter on many details with which the man himself was only remotely connected, and there is therefore some danger that in a book of this kind biographical interest should be sacrificed to an attempt at historical completeness. Colonel Malleon has saved himself from this danger by the exercise of a wise discretion. He forbears to overwhelm his readers with a mass of facts belonging rather to the history of a war than to the career of a single leader, and, by devoting two short chapters to such notices of general events as are needful for his purpose, he manages to keep Loudon himself before our eyes throughout the remainder of the volume. While military matters are treated with minuteness, all unnecessary technicality is carefully avoided. With the single exception of the description of the fortifications of Schweidnitz, where terms of art are necessarily employed, the narrative will present no difficulty to the non-military reader. The scenes of the most noteworthy events in Loudon's career are described with a precision which can only be the result of personal observation, and the geography of his movements is illustrated by three excellent maps on paper, and one on linen reprinted from Vol. viii. of Carlyle's *Frederic the Great*, and representing the battle-ground of the Seven Years' War. A biographer may be excused if he rates the subject of his book as highly as possible; and, indeed, Loudon's character and career are worthy of the highest praise. At the same time, we are inclined to rebel against the way in which Colonel Malleon has sacrificed the reputation of other leaders to heighten that of his hero. Of Daun, for example, he simply takes the view of the Vienna mob, who pelted the general's wife with nightcaps. Overcautious as Daun undoubtedly was, much of his slowness, we venture to think, was due to a settled policy of exhausting Frederic's resources, to the necessity of making unwilling allies bear their share of the war, and, not least, to orders from Vienna; while his conduct at Torgau should have forbidden the doubt cast (p. 145) on his courage. In spite of a list of errata, there are several proofs that this volume should have received more careful revision. On p. 3 Philip II. should be Philip V.; on p. 20 Frederic is represented as jealous of the French success in Alsace—it was, of course, the success of the Queen of Hungary that caused him uneasiness; and on p. 90 the estate granted to Loudon by Maria Theresa is said to have been in Hungary, while on

\* *Loudon: a Sketch of the Military Life of Gideon Ernest, Freiherr von Loudon, sometime Generalissimo of the Austrian Forces.* By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. With Maps. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

p. 198, where the name of the place is spelt differently, it is correctly described as in Bohemia. These and such-like marks of carelessness, though, of course, merely slips, are considerable disfigurements to so small a volume. A more serious mistake occurs on p. 3, where we are told that "Emanuel III., King of Sardinia, and Augustus III., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, who had married the daughters of the Emperor Joseph, put forth less extravagant demands" than certain other sovereigns who disputed the rights of Maria Theresa. Now, as Colonel Malleon has already discussed and dismissed the claim of Charles Albert of Bavaria to the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg, it is impossible to class this amazing statement with the mere slips already noticed. The mention of Charles Emanuel III.—who, by the way, married Polyxena of Hesse—still further complicates the blunder, as it exhibits entire ignorance of the grounds on which the King based his claim to the Milanese. A superficial familiarity with the political history of the period in which Loudon lived would have made this confusion of persons and claims impossible, even to a careless writer.

Gideon Loudon, who, like many other famous soldiers of fortune, was of Scotch descent, was born in Livonia in 1716. He began his military career when he was in his sixteenth year, and first saw active service at the siege of Dantzic. After some campaigns under Münnich against the Turks and Tartars, he found that there was little chance of any further war on the part of Russia, and determined to sell his sword to some foreign Power. Having been cured by a rough voyage of a fancy he had for entering the English or Dutch navy, he went to Berlin and applied for a commission in Frederic's army. It is interesting to read how the King bade the man whose value he was one day to have good cause to know wait for six months for an answer. With true Scotch patience Loudon waited, supporting himself meanwhile as a copying clerk, until he heard that Frederic had declared his dislike to his face and figure. Then he urged his request again. "I must indeed have many squadrons at my disposal if I could give one to every foreign officer who comes to Berlin" was the King's answer (p. 15). And so Loudon sought and obtained a commission in the Austrian army. For a while he commanded a company of Pandours, under the notorious Baron Trenck, and served in Alsace, where he was wounded, and in Silesia. Before the end of the Silesian War he left the service, for he could bear Trenck's evil deeds no longer. Then he married a good and pretty wife, obtained a commission in a Croatian regiment, and spent ten quiet years. They were not years of idleness. Full of faith in himself, he did all in his power to prepare for the future that he believed lay before him, and we are told (p. 29) that, when his wife remonstrated with him for incessantly studying a certain large map, he replied, "Leave me alone, my dear, the knowledge I am now acquiring will be useful to me when I become Field-Marshal." On the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, Kaunitz gave him the command of a battalion of Croats, and sent him to join Browne's army in Bohemia. At Lobositz, where he was ordered to hold the key of the Austrian position with a miserably insufficient force, he learnt, Colonel Malleon believes, from the onslaught that overthrew him and so led to the defeat of the whole army, that the wisest method of attack was a furious charge on the weakest point of the enemy. The experience he was thus forced to buy so dearly decided the special character of his military career. It was not long before he showed how brilliant that career would probably be. When the battle of Leuthen had made Frederic master of Silesia, the King determined to march on Vienna by way of Moravia. His course was checked by the obstinate defence of Olmütz. Everything depended on the success of the Austrians in cutting off his supplies, and Loudon was sent by Daun to intercept an immense convoy despatched for his relief. In conjunction with Sziskowitz he defeated Zieten, who commanded the escort, after a desperate conflict. Of the 4,000 wagons on which the hopes of Frederic depended only 200 reached his camp; he was forced to raise the siege and turn back towards Silesia. For a month, however, Loudon baffled his retreat by a series of masterly manoeuvres. Daun's vigorous action in attacking Frederic's entrenchments at Hochkirch is justly attributed to the advice of Loudon, who was then second in command. And though after his defeat Frederic succeeded in retreating to Görlitz, Loudon made "the King's whole march a continued fight." For these services he was made a Baron of the Austrian Grand Duchy and of the Holy Roman Empire, and received the grant of the estate in Bohemia already noticed. A clear and interesting account is given of the battle of Kunersdorf, where Loudon, who was in command of the Austrian force, acted in conjunction with Soltikoff. After describing in detail the decisive stages of the battle, Colonel Malleon sums up Loudon's share in the hard-won victory:—

There can be no question but that to him and to his Austrians the defeat of Frederic was due. After the defeat of the Russian front line, the King of Prussia had counted on victory. It was, first, Loudon's rude cavalry charge; and, secondly, the obstinate defence by his infantry of the Kuhgrund, which changed the face of affairs, and enabled the Russians to rally from their earlier defeat.—P. 104.

During the campaign of 1761 Loudon, now holding the rank of Feldzeugmeister, was invested with an independent command. The moral effect of his victory over Fouquet at Landsbut is well pointed out. "Is it only to me that such misfortunes happen?" Frederic exclaimed almost in despair. The storming of Glatz followed next, and this compelled the King to raise the siege of

Dresden and hasten to the defence of Silesia. Surprised and defeated at Liegnitz, a disaster Colonel Malleon describes as due "to the dilatoriness of Daun and the want of enterprise of Lacy" (p. 240). Loudon effected a retreat which roused the King's admiration. "Look there," he said, "Loudon sets us an example of the proper mode of retiring." Although freed from the command of Daun, his movements during the greater part of the next campaign were fettered by orders to effect a junction with the Russians. Home politics made the Russian generals anxious to do Frederic as little harm as possible, and, when marching "in earnest," Boutourlin did not accomplish more than five miles a day. How Loudon, in the face of Frederic, succeeded in effecting a junction with this "crawling ally" should be read in Colonel Malleon's own words; he pronounces it "one of the greatest military feats achieved during the war." Finding it impossible to persuade the Russians to join in an attack on the King's lines, Loudon carried out a daring plan he had formed for an assault on Schweidnitz. A vivid account is given of this remarkable achievement, which enabled the Austrians for the first time since the outbreak of the war to make their winter quarters in Silesia. Important as Loudon's success was, only the personal intercession of the Emperor saved him from disgrace, for he had presumed to conquer without the command of the Aulic Council. It was not in point of military skill alone that the Austrian generals were at a disadvantage when matched with the Prussian King. When the war was over Loudon spent fourteen quiet years, first on his estate in Bohemia, and then not far from Vienna. At the end of that period he was created a field marshal (the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning himself he had made many years before), and took the command of the Austrian army in the war of the Bavarian succession. Not even Colonel Malleon's descriptive powers can invest the movements of that abortive war with interest. Prescribed space—the curse of those who write books to form part of a series—prevents a full treatment of Loudon's part in the Turkish war, though the crowning victory of his life, the taking of Belgrade in 1789, is excellently told. The next year he died of ague fever. "'Providence,' he said, as he lay a-dying, 'raised me from the dust to a greatness I never sought. I have always only tried to do my duty.'" It had, indeed, been a great career, and Colonel Malleon has described it not unworthily.

#### LES FILLES DE JOHN BULL.

ALTHOUGH it had not been our intention to make any further comment on M. Max O'Rell's book, we have been led to alter our decision by the appearance of an English translation (Field & Tuer), in which M. Max O'Rell has elaborately done into English all those passages in his book which make it reprehensible. For the excellent reason with which Thackeray credited Sterne for writing his strictures on his wife in Latin rather than in English, we prefer dealing with the original French version of M. Max O'Rell's stuff to making extracts from the English edition. The keynote of this eminently characteristic production is struck in the dedication of the volume to "Mistress John Bull"—one of the most perfectly wrought *chefs-d'œuvre* of vulgarity and bad taste which it has ever been our lot to meet with. "N'allez pas froncer le sourcil, encore moins vous écrier: Shocking!" exclaims the author; "je vous assure que vous pouvez feuilleter ce volume d'un bout à l'autre sans crainte de vous heurter contre aucune indiscretion"—and the remaining portions of the book are such that it does not seem a very desirable addition to the library of an ordinary decent household. How it has come to pass that a book containing such passages has been so blandly discoursed upon by the daily press is a puzzle of which we may simply leave the solution to our readers. We may, however, state that in one or two quarters we have met with gentle complaints to the effect that M. Max O'Rell has "guarded himself less than might have been expected"—a remark which gives about as accurate a notion of the true state of the case as if one were to say of a man who should gorge himself with carrion that he seemed fond of a coarsely flavoured form of apple pie. It is proverbial that coarseness and dulness go hand in hand, and accordingly we find *Les Filles de John Bull* very heavy reading. In the first place, the book has this serious fault, which is common to its kind, that it could not possibly convey any distinct impression to any one who did not already understand more of the subject than the writer of it. Then, too, M. Max O'Rell stands pre-eminent among his countrymen for a total absence of anything remotely approaching to a sense of humour—a defect which becomes most painfully apparent in several cumbersome efforts at lively description of character. One short extract will suffice to show to what extent M. Max O'Rell is fitted to speak with authority on English home life:—"Pour John la femme est presque un mal nécessaire; l'épouse, une associée de sa raison sociale [whatever that may mean]; l'amour, une petite corvée plus ou moins désagréable, et qui frise l'impolitesse." Of course we are sharply reproached by him for not employing the second person singular as a term of endearment, and are deeply pitted for our want of familiarity with the "formule sacramentelle: ce si tu savais comme je t'aime." Any one conversant with the method of criticism adopted towards things English by a certain class of vulgar Frenchmen will expect, on reading this, to come before long on some invidious remarks concerning the way in which sons treat their mothers in France and England;



and, accordingly, we find in *Les Filles de John Bull* some stuff about English mothers having no influence with their sons, rounded off with the following sentence:—"L'Anglais ne tire son origine que du père; le Français tire la sienne du père et de la mère." The title of the book is, moreover, misleading; for the author states that by "John Bull j'entends toujours le bourgeois anglais dont le revenu varie de cinq à dix ou douze mille francs"—the working classes being altogether beneath his notice; while the "highlife" which he has studied in the Divorce Court shocks him so much that he refuses to speak of it. We may remark in passing that from the evidence contained in his book M. Max O'Rell cannot be complimented upon the company he keeps either in England or in his own country. One of the French characters which he has dragged into his compilation with every appearance of approval is as displeasing as it is happily unusual in France. Some harrowing pages are devoted to a description of an English bedroom; and in these we recognize a faithful study of the kind of accommodation that is usually offered at a common English lodging-house; but we can safely assure M. Max O'Rell that he has overstepped the mark in representing this lamentable picture as a fair specimen of what is to be found in the house of the average English *bourgeois* whose income ranges from 200*l.* to 400*l.* or 480*l.* a year. It is not surprising, from his general tone of thought, to find that the existence of the married clergy is a source of pain and scandal to M. Max O'Rell, and we are perfectly resigned to find him waxing nasty in his strictures upon it. But we cannot away with the intolerable manner in which he has padded his book with foolish descriptions of equally foolish sects and denominations—a fault which is only the more intolerable because he had already committed it in his first work, *John Bull et son Ile*. Besides this we have a long and dull imaginary conversation between a country clergyman and his wife, followed by a longer and duller chapter, which has for its heading, "Apothéose des filles de John Bull (Scènes de désappointement au Paradis, en l'an 19...)." In this chapter "our funeral neighbour the Gaul," to slightly change Mr. Micawber's speech, displays a capacity for boring his readers which we should have believed to be beyond all human endeavour, did we not know full well that French bores have always surpassed all others since first bores went boring in boredom. In conclusion, we can only say that M. Max O'Rell has written a repulsive book in a way which may possibly cause it to prove attractive to the lowest kind of French bagman when he can get nothing else to read.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

OF all the picture-books that have come to us there can be no doubt which is the prettiest. Miss Kate Greenaway is one of the few artists whom great and early success cannot spoil. She has never grown careless; and we open her annual volume without any fear that it will come short of our highest expectations. Miss Greenaway has created her own style, and yet we have no choice but to admire. She is peculiar as, for instance, Mr. Burne Jones is peculiar; but there is no controversy over her work. It is not every one who likes to see his children dressed in the "Kate Greenaway style"; but every one likes to see her little figures on paper, with their long green gowns and bare necks, their mob-caps and aprons, their coal-scuttle bonnets and wreaths of roses. This year her contribution is the *Language of Flowers* (Routledge). The Morse alphabet and the Signal-Book at sea are simplicity itself compared with the meanings to be conveyed in nosebags; but, after some hours spent over the modest little volume, we have but just reached the letterpress in which the lover's code is explained. We observe that Ragged Robin means "wit," and peach-blossom the sentence, "Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled"—a sentence we cannot conceive any lover pronouncing upon his lass. But we turn once more to the pictures. Here are two girls in white and blue; one has a red umbrella, red shoes, and a red ribbon in her white cap. In the background is a brook. The rooks are cawing in the air. A hill cut up by hedgerows is in the background. Everything is absolutely common, and the whole picture only fills an oval of two inches by two and a half. Yet there are thousands of pictures in every Royal Academy Exhibition for which high prices are demanded and paid which are not fit to be mentioned in a breath with this little instance of harmony, composition, and sentiment. But this is only one of dozens upon dozens of similarly delicate and charming vignettes. There is a fine lady in pink leading a pug-dog; there is a bunch of tulips; there are two little girls going to school; there are two more looking "over the garden wall"; but we cannot enumerate everything, and may sum up all by saying that the pleasure of looking through the book is akin to that of looking through one of those late Flemish manuscripts where pictures worthy of Van Eyck are interlarded with fantastic borders and floral initials. Such books are only for millionaires, and there are hardly half a dozen in existence, but Miss Greenaway's art is for all the world, wholesome, pure, lovely—and cheap.

Another very charming volume is *Stories of the Italian Artists* (Seeley), translated from Vasari. There is a simplicity about Vasari that ought to make him very popular, and it is strange that his work is not more familiar to English readers. The translator might, perhaps, have shortened some of the sentences or cut them into shorter lengths to suit modern taste, but it is possible that something would be lost by the process. It would certainly be

difficult to improve such a rambling, yet amusing, example as this. "It is said, and you may read it in certain records of old pictures, that while Cimabue was painting this picture, King Charles of Anjou passed through Florence, and among other entertainments provided for him by the people of the city, they took him to see Cimabue's picture, and as no one had seen it before, it was shown to the King. There was a great concourse of all the men and women of Florence to see it, with the greatest rejoicing and running together in the world." Here is another example; it relates to Andrea del Sarto in France:—"But one day, while he was working upon a St. Jerome for the King's mother, there came to him letters from Lucrezia, his wife, whom he had left in Florence, and she wrote that when he was away, although his letters told her he was well, she could not cease from sorrow and constant weeping, using many sweet words apt to touch the heart of a man who loved her only too much, so that the poor man was nearly beside himself when he read that if he did not return soon he would find her dead." Of Sebastian del Piombo we read that "being censured by some, who said it was a shame that now that he had the means of living he worked no more, he answered, 'Now that I have the means of living, I do no work, because there are clever men in the world now, who can do in two months as much as I used to do in two years, and I think if I live much longer everything will have been painted; so as these men do so much it is a good thing that there should be some who do nothing, that they may have more to do.'" The book is very fully illustrated with coloured and other plates, among which we may select for special commendation the print of "Soldiers," after Luca Signorelli. Another beautifully illustrated book comes from the same publishers. This is *The Chantry Priest of Barnet: a Tale of the Two Roses*, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church. It contains sixteen coloured plates, chiefly from contemporary manuscript illuminations. Mr. Church has deviated a little from history in the story, but gives what seems to be a faithful picture of manners in the fifteenth century. He owes a good deal, as he acknowledges, to the *Paston Letters*. Granting that young people can learn history by reading historical stories, this is likely to be a very useful book, as it certainly is very interesting and well got up. There should be some mention of the manuscripts from which the splendid coloured plates are copied. Thomas Aylmer, the hero, narrates the story of his own life, and tells us of Caxton, the first English printer, of the schoolmaster-printer of St. Albans, to whom, by the way, he gives the name of Herford, of the Battle of Barnet, and of the Battle of Flodden. *Magna Charta Stories* (Blackie) is a book of a different character. It is a collection of histories of "world-famous struggles for freedom in former times, recounted for youthful readers," and is edited by Mr. Arthur Gilman. Most of the twelve articles are by American ladies, such as Miss Coolidge, Mrs. Sherwood, and Mrs. Lathrop. They begin with "The Great Paper," decorated with an illustration which, archaeologically considered, is very incorrect, and tell of Marathon and Thermopylae, of Horatius Cocles and Alfred the Great, and many more. The writing is very unequal, but with the exception we have mentioned the pictures are very good.

Miss Yonge is the latest victim of the birthday-book nuisance. *The Daisy Chain Birthday Book* (W. Smith) is gathered, by permission, from her various works. The book is prettily got up.

*Thoughts for Sunrise* (Nelson) is a little volume, illuminated in a simple style, by "L. M. W.," and would be a very suitable present for an invalid of Evangelical views. It contains a text and a hymn for every day of a month. *Mission Addresses*, delivered in anticipation of the London Mission now going on, in the Trophy Room of St. Paul's Cathedral, to members of the Lay Helpers' Association, are issued in small and convenient form by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They are five in number—by Canon Mason, Canon Body, the Bishop of Bedford, Canon Curteis, and Mr. Bickersteth.

*A Smaller Biblia Pauperum* (Unwin) is merely a facsimile, on a reduced scale, of the well-known *Collection of Thirty-eight Old Woodcuts*, published from the original blocks by Boosey in 1818, and also issued, as the prefatory note states, at the time of the Caxton Exhibition in 1877, but with no reference to the previous issue. Some people may remember that there was a warm correspondence on the subject seven years ago. A preface by Dean Stanley is mentioned on the title-page in rubricated type, but consists of exactly thirty-one lines, and tells nothing of the history of the book. Messrs. Unwin have embellished this edition with some borders from a French *Book of Hours*, and the curious old English texts from a Wycliffite version enhance the interest of the cuts. Rough edges, clasps, and a parchment binding will add to the attractions of the little volume.

*Sweet By and Bye*, by S. Fillmore Bennett (New York: Dutton; London: Griffith & Farran), is very prettily illustrated in the best American style. There are five hands employed, and considerable variety is the result; but, as the whole hymn consists of only three verses and a chorus, there is not much to make a book. The well-known music by Mr. Webster is appended. *Annie and Willie's Prayer*, by Sophia P. Snow, comes from the same publishers. It is an original and charming little American book, and contains the story in verse of a father whose two little children are motherless. He does not understand the working of the childish mind, and laughs at his own little ones for expecting Santa Claus to fill their stockings on Christmas Eve, and sends them early to bed. He is a busy man and stocks have fallen ten per cent., which puts him out of temper. Passing their room he overhears

them praying for what they want, and, relenting, goes out in the snow and buys all he can carry home for them. There is a simplicity and unconventionality about the verses that will please most people. *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing* (New York: Dutton; London: Griffith & Farran), "with illustrations from the old masters," according to the title-page; but when, we may ask, did Messrs. Anderson, Minthrop, Plockhorst, and Dobson become "old masters"? We cannot say anything in praise of the woodcuts. *The First Nowell: a Christmas Carol* (Mowbray) is illustrated by Mr. Wyndham Hughes, many of the pictures being feeble and religious imitations of the style of Mr. Randolph Caldecott. We have received *Rock of Ages and Nearer, my God, to Thee* (Nelson), each with many woodcut illustrations.

*Peter Penniless, Gamekeeper and Gentleman*, by Christopher Davies (Warne), is a delightful and entertaining book, with plenty of good illustrations of birds and beasts. A boy of good family is obliged to earn his livelihood. Not being bookish, he thinks the career of a gamekeeper will suit him best, as he has been brought up with a love of sport. We can scarcely imagine any English country-bred boy who would not like to have a copy of this pleasant book. *True to Himself*, by Miss Evelyn Everett Green (Nelson), is about an unnaturally religious and Quixotic boy. The best thing he could do was to die and go to a place more suited to his temperament; he was certainly unfit for this planet. He is contrasted with a wicked boy, who tortures animals, tells lies, and breaks rules. Two ordinary commonplace boys relieve the principal characters, and there is a father who behaves in a stupid, pigheaded fashion, and an Aunt Mary who does what she can to make everybody happy.

*Ready and Willing* (Nelson) is written in the most curious manner imaginable. The plot is very simple. An orphan comes to live with his mother's people after the death of his parents; every trifling incident is made so much of, and there is such a constant straining after intensity of effect, that the result as a whole is unpleasant, and leaves the kind of impression derived from seeing a face through a magnifying-glass. *Mother Bunch*, by Stella Austin (Masters), is a very difficult book to find one's way through. It is a mistake to fill the stage with characters for which there is not room enough to give them all place and interest. In this little book we have to attend to the very uninteresting sayings and doings of a family consisting of grandfather Sylvester, Mrs. Clare, his daughter, her three children, Mrs. Forbes, grandfather Sylvester's niece, her four children, Isabel Congreve, grandfather Sylvester's ward, and her two children, thirteen in all, an unlucky number. Besides these there are many other characters who are not related to grandfather Sylvester. *Little Ready Cry; or, the Sorrows of Six Years Old*, is translated from the French of Mme. Colomb by C. A. Jones (Masters). It is a simple, bright, wholesome story of a little girl with an irritable temper and selfishly preoccupied. She learns while her mother is ill to control herself and be useful to others. The pictures are very French, but some of them rather good. *Old Ransom; or, Light after Darkness*, by Charles H. Barstow (Warne), is a story of street Arab life which would rather astonish the genuine street Arab if he could read it.

*The Little People's Favourite Album* (Warne) contains one hundred woodcuts and a number of large coloured plates in a very gaudy style. The stories are stupid, being neither true nor yet fairy tales. *The Adventures of Two Children*, by Frederick E. Weatherly (Hildesheimer & Faulkner), is illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards and John C. Staples, and is a very pretty little book. Some of the vignettes are most charming. There is a delightful ballad of a laundress, from which we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few lines:—

If you like all your buttons to fly,  
I'll mangle them off by the score,  
Or at least if I don't I will try;  
And what can a laundress do more?  
If you like your clothes sent home all wet,  
I'll wait till a regular pour,  
I promise I will not forget;  
And what can a laundress do more?  
My name is Penelope Place,  
I get up fine linen and lace,  
And all the folks own  
That no one was known  
To equal Penelope Place.

*Out of Town* is by the same author, and comes from the same publishers. It is illustrated in colour by Linnie Watt, and in "monotints" by Ernest Wilson. The cover, title-page, and vignettes are quite beautiful; but most of the coloured pictures are too green, and the faces are frightful. Some of the poetry is very sweet. Here is a verse from the "Tale of the Sea":—

What is the tale of it, mother, mother,  
What is the tale of the wide, wide sea?  
Merry and sad are the tales, my darling,  
Merry and sad as tales must be.  
Those ships that sail in the happy mornings,  
Full of the lives and the souls of men,  
Some will never come back, my darling,  
Some will never come back again.

*Children's Voices* (from the same publishers) is a book of simple songs, set to music by Robert B. Addison and illustrated by Harriet M. Bennett. Some of the dear old favourites of our childhood, and a few modern songs of a similar character, are in this pretty volume, which is sure to take the fancy of great and small. *Golden Hours*, by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge), is illus-

trated by M. E. Edwards. Miss Edwards does not do herself justice by these violently coloured and, for the most part, coarse chromolithographs. Some of the uncoloured pictures are, however, very pretty indeed. The poetry is excellent. *My Sunday Friend* (Mowbray) is a book of pictures and stories, and appears very fitted for its purpose. We have also received two of Mr. R. Caldecott's picture-books (Routledge). His peculiar vein of artistic humour shows no sign of flagging. The pictures in *Come, Lasses and Lads* are extremely pretty as well as funny.

We have received new editions of *Settlers at Home*, very creditably illustrated; *The Crofton Boys, Feats on the Fiord*, and *The Peasant and the Prince*, all by Harriet Martineau (Routledge); also *Mosses from an old Manse*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Warne).

#### MUCH DARKER DAYS.\*

THE young writer who is endeavouring—*haud passibus æquis*, we fear it must be said—to keep up with the reputation which accompanied him to London a year ago as the author of *Called Back*, will doubtless feel flattered at receiving the compliment of parody. For, if parody means nothing else, it is a tribute to notoriety. As published caricatures imply that most people are familiar with the countenance of the caricaturist's subject, so does the parodist assume a universal, or, at any rate, a very widespread acquaintance with the works which he travesties. That this assumption is justified in the case of *Dark Days* we make no doubt at all. We should hesitate, indeed, to say that Mr. Fergus ("for," to adopt the language of a romantic style not widely different from his own, "it was indeed he") will retain the whole of those 100,000 readers who are said to have been attracted to him under the pseudonym of Hugh Conway, but probably a good proportion of them have tried him again. Whether most or many of them are likely to "recapture that first fine careless rapture" which seems to have been experienced by the readers of *Called Back* is a question to which the very skit before us suggests a rather doubtful answer. Not that *Much Darker Days* is at all a spiteful or unfair caricature; far from it. It is impossible to compare the trials of Basil South the showman with those of Basil North the doctor, or the villainies of Sir Runan Errand with those of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, or the sufferings of the melodramatic with those of the comic Philippa, without being sensible of a ludicrous resemblance between the original and the parody both in point of moral probability and of logical coherence.

To those who have read the original, and all should do so, if only to qualify themselves for the enjoyment of the parody, we confidently commend the following extract from the latter work as a delightful epitome of a whole mass of unspoken criticisms suggested to them by the former. We have just reached the point at which the hero discovers that Sir Runan Errand—the amateur showman who runs the Mermaid, the Missing Link, and Koot Hoomi, the Mahalma of the Mountain—was really the husband of Philippa, and doubts whether he had not better keep the discovery a secret from her:—

You see things were so very mixed, because Philippa's memory was so curiously constructed that she had entirely forgotten the murder which she had committed; and, even if I proved to her by documentary evidence that she had only murdered her own husband, it might not help to relieve her burdened conscience as much as I had hoped. There are times when I almost give up this story in despair. To introduce a heroine who is mad in and out, so to speak, and forgets and remembers things exactly at the right moment, seems a delightfully simple artifice. But, upon my word, I am constantly forgetting what it is that Philippa should remember and on the point of making her remember the very things she forgets.

We feel sure that this accurately reflects the state of mind of Mr. Conway's readers at the corresponding point of his story, and we more than half suspect that it is not an altogether inexact account of the occasional mental attitude of Mr. Conway himself. We even think that the reply of the burlesque heroine when the truth is revealed to her—"I thought I had only got rid of my betrayer, and now you say I have killed my husband. You men have no tact"—might with quite equal appropriateness have been put in the mouth of the real Philippa. It would be unfair, however, to the authors alike of the original and the parody to let in any further light either upon the plot of *Dark Days*, or upon its caricaturist's comical perversion of it. It remains only to add that, apart from the skill shown in the working out of what may be called the serious purpose of the burlesque, its merits as a self-supporting joke, so to speak, are very considerable. The peculiarities of Mr. Conway's not very distinguished style are most happily caught and mimicked. His affectation of profound scientific research into his subject—illustrated in his remark that no "monograph" exists, or existed, on the malady of puerperal insanity—is pleasantly made fun of; and the naive artlessness with which he pours forth the treasures of Baedeker at the feet of his readers enables his caricaturist to make a few pages of excellent fun out of the "local colour" of an Alhambra which is nearer home than that of Granada—an Alhambra whose *patio* was not only "fragrant with the perfume of oranges," but "perilous with their peel," and where the "botellas of agua de soda were untimely popping and the *corchos* flying with a murmur of merry voices and of mingling waters." Very comic, too, is the burlesque rendering of the spiritual wrestling of the hero on the discovery that a (supposed) innocent man has been arrested

\* *Much Darker Days*. By A. Huge Longway, Author of "Scrawled Black" &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.



for his wife's supposed crime. But we shall break our own rule of discreet reticence if we go further. We can cordially recommend this little literary squib to all who can appreciate good parody and relish good form.

#### THE AMERICAN HORSEWOMAN.\*

MRS. KARR believes her book to be the first volume exclusively devoted to the instruction of American lady riders that has ever been written by one of their own countrywomen. She noted the deficiency, and setting to work to remedy it has produced *The American Horsewoman* "wholly for the purpose of benefiting those of her own sex who wish to learn not only to ride, but to ride well." This is a most praiseworthy object. The practice of what it pleases Mrs. Karr to describe as the "equestrienne art" is a constant source of health as well as of recreation. Some little knowledge the student may possibly gain from this book; but we are by no means certain that Mrs. Karr always talks of things which she understands, and her leading idea seems to be a consideration, not of how her pupils should ride, but of how they will look when they are riding. Now, if a woman ride well, she will look well on horseback; and—if properly turned out, of course—there is not the slightest need for her to study the question of appearance, which in Mrs. Karr's book is ever uppermost. "Before purchasing a saddle-horse, several points should be considered," the lady says; and, "first, the style of the rider's figure." We are told what horse a "large, stout person" should try to secure, and what will suit a "large, majestic-looking woman." We are told the description of hat which has a "very charming and coquettish air"; and Mrs. Karr is lost in admiration of the Parisian horsewoman, not for a moment because she rides well, but for the reason that "her manner of gathering up the folds of her riding-skirt, while waiting for her horse, forms a picture of such unaffected elegance that it would be well for other riders to study and imitate it." What the lady does before she mounts her horse does not seem to us to have very much to do with riding; but, even when Mrs. Karr has got her pupil in the saddle, appearance is supposed to be still the first requisite. The lady who is "large and majestic-looking" should neither trot nor canter; "the walk will become her specialty." Again, "A stout woman does not ride to the best advantage at a rapid gait; but upon a horse that has the walk in perfection she presents an imposing, queen-like appearance." A small, slightly-built person will be able to ride a trot with much ease and grace, small, slightly-built persons are informed; but the tall woman is warned against trotting. When riding at a gallop the lady, whatever her shape, is advised to lean backwards, because it looks graceful—indeed, this question of grace is always to the fore, and herein Mrs. Karr seems to us to make a grave mistake; for the woman, on foot or in the saddle, who is constantly considering her appearance and trying to be graceful, is tolerably certain to be precisely the reverse. What the student has to do is to learn to ride in good form, and grace will follow, if it be not studiously sought. In that case the struggle to secure it will destroy it.

It will surprise hunting men to read Mrs. Karr's observation that no "woman who really cared for her horse would wish to run the risk of reducing him to the deplorable condition of many horses that follow the hounds. In England, where hunting is the favourite pastime among gentlemen, the number of maimed and crippled horses that one meets is disheartening." The imaginative author of *The American Horsewoman* will be surprised to hear that in no place is a maimed or crippled horse so rare as in the hunting-field, that no collections of horses are so fit and sound as those which are met with at the covert-side. Mrs. Karr's ideas of horse-training—not in the racing sense, but for ordinary purposes—are sometimes odd. "It is not absolutely essential that a lady's horse should be taught the tricks of bowing, hand-shaking," &c., Mrs. Karr admits, but she recommends ladies to teach their horses these performances nevertheless. That a rider should always strive to be on friendly terms with his horse is certainly most wise and pleasant, but there is no sort of necessity for circus tricks. On the subject of patience in dealing with the horse she relates, with details of her own invention, a story of "a celebrated English trainer" who could not persuade an obstinate colt to move in the direction desired, and who sat on the animal's back, dined there, smoked and chatted with friends till midnight, when the stubborn creature was quite ready to go home, but was not permitted to do so for another hour. The story Mrs. Karr is trying to tell is Dick Christian's anecdote of Mr. Marriott, of Welby, and may be found at page 40 of *Silk and Scarlet*. The author has some advice for pupils who may be doomed to ride vicious horses, and there is something rather naïve in her recommendations. Plunging is described, and the lady who finds herself on a horse which has this vice is advised to "sit the plunges out." She will probably do so to the limit of her capacity. "When a horse bucks," the rider is instructed that she "must keep her seat the best way she can"—advice which is, perhaps, a little too general to be of special service to a beginner on a bucking horse. A number of "Rules for Lady Riders" are added, several of which are sensible enough. In America, the rider or

driver reverses the English custom and passes approaching horses to the right. One rule seems to have perplexed Mrs. Karr, and she declares that it has puzzled many a lady rider. This is "what to do with the whip when making a call." "Shall it be left outside, where it may be lost?" the lady asks, "or shall it be taken into the parlour, where its belligerent appearance will be entirely out of place?" Unless the visitor be in the habit of whipping her hosts and hostesses, we fail to see that the riding-whip looks belligerent; but Mrs. Karr thinks that it should be left with a groom or porter, and, if neither groom nor porter be present, "it may be placed in some convenient and secure spot, as would be done with a valuable umbrella." On the whole, it must be said that if American horsewomen demand a book on riding the field is still open.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Duke de Broglie's volumes on Frederic II. and Louis XV. (1) deserve more than passing mention; and, as we hope to return to them in detail, we simply chronicle their appearance here.

Mme. Quinet says, justly enough from one point of view, that Quinet's correspondence during the years of his exile (2) has been "expected" ever since his death. We are afraid that to some, at least, of the expectants it will prove a disappointment. The situation of the writer was a proverbially trying one; his letters were almost exclusively addressed to a small knot of political sympathizers; much of them (though Mme. Quinet has, she tells us, cut much more of the same kind out) is occupied either with obscure phrases intended to outwit a possible inspection in the *cabinet noir*, and still more is concerned with details of the publication of books. In such a case Quinet's softly-coloured, cloudy, semi-poetical style has no opportunity to show itself to advantage, while the kind of political nightmare under which he was suffering is evident throughout. He seems to have lost all sense of proportion, all grasp of the actual course of affairs. "L'Europe," he says, apparently in reference to the affair of the Holy Places, "s'étouffe entre l'église grecque et l'église catholique." Some years later, talking of Tocqueville, he says:—"Toutes les grandes vues l'échappent." It would have been better if he had himself been less given to "grandes vues" of the kind indicated in the absurd phrase about stifling Europe. Of course the transparent honesty of the man, his affectionate temper, his enthusiasm for his beliefs, appear clearly enough here; but this is hardly enough to save the book from the charges of monotony and of want of any living interest.

Collectors of the *Grands écrivains* series (3) can now place the fourth volume of M. de Boislisle's elaborate and, it seems probable, definitive edition of St.-Simon on their shelves.

M. Coquelin *ainé* has followed up his well-known essays on *Arnolphe* and *Alceste* by a study of *Tartuffe* (4). Perhaps the character is not quite so well suited either to the treatment or to the treator as in the former cases, for *Tartuffe*, great as it is, is not a character with many aspects, and it is first of all tragic rather than comic in conception. But we never listen to M. Coquelin without respect or without edification in reference to the art of acting, and there is undoubtedly something in his contention that to make *Tartuffe* a wholly tragic character is to miss Molière's meaning.

M. de Mandat-Grancey's travels in the Rocky Mountains (5) appear to have originally appeared as newspaper correspondence, and this will prepare the cunning reader for a slight exaggeration of tone in them. They are, however, lively and not too extravagant studies of what it delights Frenchmen to call "Le Farwest." The French public has here many interesting details about cattle-ranching, cowboys, salting mines, shooting at sight, and other institutions that flourish in the Settlin' Sun, set before it in a very readable fashion, and adorned by sketches from the pencil of "Craffy." Some of these last are effective enough of their kind.

M. Lemerre has begun to add to his "Petite Bibliothèque" a collection of the works of M. Paul Arène (6). The opening volume contains short tales, mostly dealing with the South of France, which are pleasantly written.

M. Hinstin's complete prose translation of the plays and fragments of Euripides (7) must have cost him a great deal of trouble. The translation appears careful enough and close enough, though it is in places (chiefly in the *Cyclops*) softened from considerations of propriety. The introductions and the few notes are learned and good. But, except from the mere "crib" point of view, we are still unable to discern the object of a prose French (or, for the matter of that, a prose English) Euripides.

(1) *Frédéric II. et Louis XV.* Par le Duc de Broglie. 2 vols. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Lettres d'exil.* Par Edgar Quinet. Tome I. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Les grands écrivains de la France—Saint-Simon.* Tome iv. Par M. de Boislisle. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Tartuffe.* Par C. Coquelin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Dans les Montagnes rocheuses.* Par le Baron de Mandat-Grancey. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Œuvres de Paul Arène—Jean des Figues, etc.* Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Théâtre d'Euripide.* Traduit par G. Hinstin. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

\* *The American Horsewoman.* By Mrs. Elizabeth Karr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1884.

The *Manual of Conjugations* (8) (MM. Bescherelle boast of 8,000 verbs, and thus far excel the celebrated Abbé of the legend) is one of the most remarkable and characteristic mysteries of the French tongue, and we rejoice to see that it has reached a seventh edition. What the use of the greater part of it is we have never been able to understand in the very least. For instance, you have "verbes en arer." Then *taxer* is solemnly conjugated in about a page, and the observation follows "c'est le seul verbe de cette terminaison." But how the conjugation, in anything that makes a conjugation, varies from that of *parler* or of *aimer*, or any other regular verb of the kind, we do most frankly acknowledge ourselves ignorant. It is all the more delightful to turn over this solid manual which is "particulièrement indispensable aux étrangers."

We have before us four of the popular scientific manuals which are in no country more abundant or, from certain points of view, better done than in France. M. de Grilleau (9) takes a very sanguine view of the future of balloons with steering power, and that not merely on the score of the now famous Meudon experiments. Dr. Bottey's book on Animal Magnetism (10) is scarcely popular, but professes to be founded on much personal experiment and observation, and is illustrated with drawings of subjects. Professor Mantegazza's translated *Physiognomy* (11) is also freely illustrated, and the translation of Herr von Meyer's *Organs of Speech* (12) puts a purely scientific monograph of great exactness within reach of French readers.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Rev. Henry W. Little acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Ellis in the preface to his book on *Madagascar: its History and its People* (William Blackwood & Sons), but not with sufficient warmth. It is not enough to say baldly that "the works of Mr. Ellis, Mr. J. Sibree, jun., and others, have been frequently consulted"; for if all that part of this volume which has been already done by the first of the authorities named were removed not much would remain to the Rev. Henry W. Little. He has not much to add to what is already known about the peoples of Madagascar, their languages and their customs. The author's account of his own personal experiences has naturally some value, but even they were not distinguished by novelty. His opinion of the Malagasy agrees with probability and the verdict of other travellers. Like most Protestant missionaries, he has a weakness for a race which seems especially open to conversion; but, after all, he is constrained to acknowledge the very serious faults in their character. We are not surprised to be told that the civilization and Christianity of the Malagasy are frequently only skin-deep, and that the most conspicuous fruits of conversion are vanity and superficial knowledge. A considerable part of Mr. Little's book is devoted to singing the praises of the wisdom, eloquence, and patriotism of His Excellency Rainilaiarivony in the style of a provincial Liberal paper. His account of the Madagascar fever is calculated to warn off the boldest tourist.

When Mr. Clive Phillips-Wolley, F.R.G.S., chose *The Trottings of a Tender Foot* (Richard Bentley & Son) for his title, he imposed upon himself the necessity of writing a very good book. It requires a great deal to counterbalance such an absurd and unintelligible piece of alliteration. Unfortunately Mr. Clive Phillips-Wolley has not been equal to the discharge of the debt. His descriptions of his travels in America and Spitzbergen are neither better nor worse than the average of signed articles in the daily papers during the silly season. He went to a few hotels, he got a glimpse or two of the natives in British Columbia, and he had some sport. At the end of his American experiences Mr. Phillips-Wolley gives a chapter of advice to the would-be emigrant. It is very good advice, and not to be blamed if it is wanting in novelty. He, like everybody else, has come to the conclusion that emigration may be an excellent thing for strong young men who will work very hard and have a little capital. The chapters on Spitzbergen were inserted to fill out the volume, as the author frankly confesses, but they are not exactly padding.

*Mahomet and Islam* (The Religious Tract Society), by Sir William Muir, is a *précis* of his larger works on the same subject, but it is a *précis* done by the author, which makes all the difference. It is wise to abstain severely from passing, or even entertaining, an opinion as to the accuracy of any orientalist. Their subject is mysterious, and their pugnacity great; but the general reader may be allowed to judge of the literary value of a biography. From that point of view Sir William Muir's *Mahomet and Islam* may be heartily praised. It is short, which a biography ought to be and so seldom is, it is simple, and has all the appearance of being impartial. Sir William Muir has no doubt of Mahomet's sincerity at the beginning of his life, but he is constrained to confess that later on revelations got to happen in a suspiciously timely way. He does not go beyond the death of Mahomet or attempt to sketch the

development of his religion as Professor Dozy has done in a similar work. We observe with satisfaction that Sir William Muir has deliberately chosen to use the traditional English form of the name of the prophet.

"To show that the revolt [*i.e.* the Reformation] neither began nor ended with Luther—if, indeed, it can be said to be finished yet; to follow it in its geographical and national expansion; at the same time to exhibit it concretely in the lives of its leaders, and so to bring the reader into a personal sympathy with them and awaken an interest in personal investigation, is the object which I have endeavoured to accomplish." So far Dr. S. E. Herrick, minister of Mount Vernon Church, Boston, in the preface of his *Some Heretics of Yesterday* (Sampson Low). He has attempted to fill up these ample outlines by writing a dozen biographies of men who can more or less plausibly be described as Reformers. We can find no proofs that Dr. Herrick has studied the original authorities, and his point of view is the familiar Evangelical point. He asks only one question about his man, Did he quarrel with a pope, or, failing a pope, with an established Church? If so, then he was a burning and a shining light to all this nation.

*Ye Gestes of ye Ladye Anne*, edited by Evelyn Forsyth (Field & Tuer), would probably be as good a story as another if it were only written in the author's native language and printed without affectation. As it is, it only shows how rashly some people will try and handle old English, and how persistently other persons cling to the belief that "ye" as an equivalent for "the" was actually a word, and not a mere scribe or printer's abbreviation. To be consistent, Mr. Evelyn Forsyth should have abbreviated "this," "that," "who," "which," "what," and a dozen other words, to keep the "ye" company.

Captain M. P. Wolff publishes a plan for starting public kitchens under the title *Food for the Million* (Sampson Low). The weak point of these philanthropic plans is that they suppose the possession by the "million" of qualities which would make them unnecessary.

A very acceptable reprint at this season is a two-volume edition of Grimm's *Fairy Tales* (George Bell & Sons), which includes an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, wherein the mythologists and sun-myth people generally are disposed of with his usual witty good sense. Another book deserving of welcome is the tenth edition of *Dainty Dishes*, by Lady Harriet St. Clair (John Hogg). A popular edition of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *God and the Bible* is published (Smith, Elder, & Co.). We have received Vol. III. of *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), Vol. VI. of *The Bibliographer* (Elliot Stock), and the November number of *Wide Awake* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.).

We are requested to state that Dr. Buchheim's *Selections from Heine's Prosa*, inadvertently described last week as published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is in fact published by Mr. Henry Frowde, Amen Corner, for the Clarendon Press.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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(8) *Véritable manuel des conjugaisons.* Par Bescherelle frères. Septième édition. Paris: Dentu.

(9) *Les aérostats dirigeables.* Par B. de Grilleau. Paris: Dentu.

(10) *Le magnétisme animal.* Par le Dr. Fernand Bottey. Paris: Plon.

(11) *La physiognomie et les sentiments.* Par P. Mantegazza. Paris: Alcan.

(12) *Les organes de la parole.* Par G. H. de Meyer. Paris: Alcan.



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Total Funds .....	£3,148,166
Total Annual Income .....	£343,271
Total Amount of Claims upon Death .....	£2,373,688
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,847

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Policy effected in the Year	Age at Entry	Sum originally Assured	Bonus to 1883 inclusive	Total Sum Assured	Percentage of Bonus on Premiums Paid	Surrender value of Policy and Bonus	Equivalent Free Policy, including Bonus to Dec. 31, 1883
1824	23	£ 1,000	£ 2,013	£ 3,013	145 1 8	£ 3,401 0 0	£ 2,597 0 0
1825	23	500	604	1,104	102 14 10	732 10 0	1,059 0 0
1826	31	600	656	1,256	96 5 8	£ 322 16 0	1,157 0 0
1829	43	300	284	484	94 18 8	357 0 0	453 0 0
1830	50	1,000	844	1,844	84 15 5	£ 1,981 10 0	£ 1,621 0 0
1840	40	1,000	901	1,901	79 11 8	£ 1,855 12 0	£ 1,729 0 0
1844	30	1,000	689	1,689	77 16 10	£ 833 16 0	£ 1,494 0 0
1846	45	1,000	1,716	2,716	68 6 5	£ 2,596 0 0	£ 2,199 0 0
1849	30	500	367	867	68 19 0	£ 380 0 0	£ 565 0 0
1854	47	5,000	3,350	8,350	55 15 10	£ 4,569 4 0	£ 6,813 0 0
1855	35	500	189	689	64 12 0	£ 310 8 0	£ 433 0 0
1856	51	5,000	3,122	8,122	45 15 5	£ 4,267 16 0	£ 6,129 0 0
1860	39	1,000	300	1,300	49 17 5	£ 509 8 0	£ 669 0 0
1864	52	1,000	270	1,270	39 6 5	£ 566 8 0	£ 871 0 0
1865	36	500	121	621	47 2 10	£ 165 6 0	£ 326 0 0
1866	45	4,000	875	4,875	40 13 10	£ 1,857 14 0	£ 2,779 0 0
1869	30	4,000	687	4,687	61 15 0	£ 715 10 0	£ 1,735 0 0
1874	40	2,000	402	2,402	44 17 0	£ 494 0 0	£ 1,043 0 0
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